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THE WORKS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

ILLUSTRATED WITH STEEL PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAVURES

IN SEVEN VOLUMES

VOLUME III

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME III.

ANTI-SLAVERY POEMS
SONGS OF LABOR AND REFORM

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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ANTI-SLAVERY POEMS

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath
  Oppression's iron hand:
In view of penury, hate, and death,
  I see thee fearless stand.
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,
  In the steadfast strength of truth,
In manhood sealing well the vow
  And promise of thy youth.

Go on, for thou hast chosen well;
  On in the strength of God!
Long as one human heart shall swell
  Beneath the tyrant's rod.
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,
  As thou hast ever spoken,
Until the dead in sin shall hear,
  The fetter's link be broken!

I love thee with a brother's love,
  I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
  The cloud of human ill.

My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
And flash of kindred swords!

They tell me thou art rash and vain,
A searcher after fame;
That thou [illegible] but to gain
A long-e[illegible]ne;
That thou [illegible] the Afric's hand
And ste[illegible]ic's heart,
To shake a[illegible]geful brand,
And ren[illegible]apart.

Have I not k[illegible] well, and read
Thy mighty purpose long?
And watched the trials which have made
Thy human spirit strong?
And shall the slanderer's demon breath
Avail with one like me,
To dim the sunshine of my faith
And earnest trust in thee?

Go on, the dagger's point may glare
Amid thy pathway's gloom;
The fate which sternly threatens there
Is glorious martyrdom!
Then onward with a martyr's zeal;
And wait thy sure reward
When man to man no more shall kneel,
And God alone be Lord!

1832.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. Bayou. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, Toussaint refused to join them until he had aided M. Bayou and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed, by the French government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period, until 1801, the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Leclerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke D'Enghien. It was the remark of Godwin, in his Lectures, that the West India Islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

'T WAS night. The tranquil moonlight smile
With which Heaven dreams of Earth, shed down
Its beauty on the Indian isle, —
On broad green field and white-walled town;
And inland waste of rock and wood,
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,
Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,
Soft as the landscape of a dream.
All motionless and dewy wet,
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met:
The myrtle with its snowy bloom,
Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom, —

The white cecropia's silver rind
Relieved by deeper green behind,
The orange with its fruit of gold,
The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,
The passion-flower, with symbol holy,
Twining its tendrils long and lowly,
The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,
And proud [illegible] r all,
The king[illegible] rial stem,
Crowned [illegible] diadem,
Star-like, [illegible] sombre shade,
The fiery-w[illegible] played!

How lovel[illegible] spect, then,
  Fair islan[illegible] estern Sea!
Lavish of beauty, even when
Thy brutes were happier than thy men,
  For they, at least, were free!
Regardless of thy glorious clime,
  Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,
The toiling negro sighed, that Time
  No faster sped his hours.
For, by the dewy moonlight still,
He fed the weary-turning mill,
Or bent him in the chill morass,
To pluck the long and tangled grass,
And hear above his scar-worn back
The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack:
While in his heart one evil thought
In solitary madness wrought,
One baleful fire surviving still
  The quenching of the immortal mind,
  One sterner passion of his kind,

Which even fetters could not kill,
The savage hope, to deal, erelong,
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong!

Hark to that cry! long, loud, and shrill,
From field and forest, rock and hill,
Thrilling and horrible it rang,
  Around, beneath, above;
The wild beast from his cavern sprang,
  The wild bird from her grove!
Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony
Were mingled in that midnight cry;
But like the lion's growl of wrath,
When falls that hunter in his path
Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,
Is rankling in his bosom yet,
It told of hate, full, deep, and strong,
Of vengeance kindling out of wrong;
It was as if the crimes of years —
The unrequited toil, the tears,
The shame and hate, which liken well
Earth's garden to the nether hell —
Had found in nature's self a tongue,
On which the gathered horror hung;
As if from cliff, and stream, and glen
Burst on the startled ears of men
That voice which rises unto God,
Solemn and stern, — the cry of blood!
It ceased, and all was still once more,
Save ocean chafing on his shore,
The sighing of the wind between
The broad banana's leaves of green,
Or bough by restless plumage shook,
Or murmuring voice of mountain brook.

And answered to his lighte
With more than spaniel
The creatures of his lawless
Were trampling on his ver
And on the night-air, wild
Rose woman's shriek of mo
For bloodied arms were rou
And dark cheeks pressed a

Then, injured Afric! for tl
Of thy own daughters, ven
Full on the scornful hearts
Who mocked thee in thy n
And to thy hapless childre
One choice, — pollution or

Where then was he whose
Had taught the trampled h
Until despair itself grew st
And vengeance fed its torc
Now, when the thunderbolt
Now, when oppression's he
Now, when the latent curse

Has gathered, drop by drop, its flood, —
Why strikes he not, the foremost one,
Where murder's sternest deeds are done?

He stood the aged palms beneath,
  That shadowed o'er his humble door,
Listening, with half-suspended breath,
To the wild sounds of fear and death,
  Toussaint L'Ouverture!
What marvel that his heart beat high!
  The blow for freedom had been given,
And blood had answered to the cry
  Which Earth sent up to Heaven!
What marvel that a fierce delight
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,
As groan and shout and bursting flame
Told where the midnight tempest came,
With blood and fire along its van,
And death behind! he was a Man!

Yes, dark-souled chieftain! if the light
  Of mild Religion's heavenly ray
Unveiled not to thy mental sight
  The lowlier and the purer way,
In which the Holy Sufferer trod,
  Meekly amidst the sons of crime;
That calm reliance upon God
  For justice in His own good time;
That gentleness to which belongs
Forgiveness for its many wrongs,
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling
For mercy on the evil-dealing;
Let not the favored white man name
Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.

Has he not, with the light of heaven
  Broadly around him, made the same?
Yea, on his thousand war-fields striven,
  And gloried in his ghastly shame?
Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,
To offer mockery unto God,
As if the Hi[illegible] One
Could smile [illegible] murder done!
As if a hum[illegible]
Were purer [illegible] yes,
Though offe[illegible] ristian hands,
Than the fo[illegible] gan lands!

. . . . . .

Sternly, amidst his household band,
His carbine grasped within his hand,
  The white man stood, prepared and still,
Waiting the shock of maddened men,
Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when
  The horn winds through their caverned hill.
And one was weeping in his sight,
  The sweetest flower of all the isle,
The bride who seemed but yesternight
  Love's fair embodied smile.
And, clinging to her trembling knee,
Looked up the form of infancy,
With tearful glance in either face
The secret of its fear to trace.

"Ha! stand or die!" The white man's eye
  His steady musket gleamed along,
As a tall Negro hastened nigh,
  With fearless step and strong.

"What, ho, Toussaint!" A moment more,
His shadow crossed the lighted floor.
"Away!" he shouted; "fly with me,
The white man's bark is on the sea;
Her sails must catch the seaward wind,
For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.
Our brethren from their graves have spoken,
The yoke is spurned, the chain is broken;
On all the hills our fires are glowing,
Through all the vales red blood is flowing!
No more the mocking White shall rest
His foot upon the Negro's breast;
No more, at morn or eve, shall drip
The warm blood from the driver's whip:
Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn
For all the wrongs his race have borne,
Though for each drop of Negro blood
The white man's veins shall pour a flood;
Not all alone the sense of ill
Around his heart is lingering still,
Nor deeper can the white man feel
The generous warmth of grateful zeal.
Friends of the Negro! fly with me,
The path is open to the sea:
Away, for life!" He spoke, and pressed
The young child to his manly breast,
As, headlong, through the cracking cane,
Down swept the dark insurgent train,
Drunken and grim, with shout and yell
Howled through the dark, like sounds from hell.

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail
Swayed free before the sunrise gale.

Cloud-like that island hung afar,
  Along the bright horizon's verge,
O'er which the curse of servile war
  Rolled its red torrent, surge on surge;
And he, the Negro champion, where
  In the fierce tumult struggled he?
Go trace him by the fiery glare
Of dwellings [illegible] night air,
The yells of [illegible] d despair,
  The strea[illegible] son to the sea!

Sleep calmly [illegible] geon-tomb,
  Beneath [illegible] lien sky,
Dark Haytie[illegible] time shall come,
  Yea, even now is nigh,
When, everywhere, thy name shall be
Redeemed from color's infamy;
And men shall learn to speak of thee
As one of earth's great spirits, born
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
Casting aside the weary weight
And fetters of its low estate,
In that strong majesty of soul
  Which knows no color, tongue, or clime,
Which still hath spurned the base control
  Of tyrants through all time!
Far other hands than mine may wreathe
The laurel round thy brow of death,
And speak thy praise, as one whose word
A thousand fiery spirits stirred,
Who crushed his foeman as a worm,[1]
Whose step on human hearts fell firm:

Be mine the better task to find
A tribute for thy lofty mind,
Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone
Some milder virtues all thine own,
Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,
Like sunshine on a sky of storm,
Proofs that the Negro's heart retains
Some nobleness amid its chains, —
That kindness to the wronged is never
  Without its excellent reward,
Holy to human-kind and ever
  Acceptable to God.

1833.

THE SLAVE-SHIPS.

"That fatal, that perfidious bark,
Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark."

MILTON'S *Lycidas.*

"The French ship Le Rodeur, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out, — an obstinate disease of the eyes, — contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wine-glass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several who were stopped in the attempt to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only *one* remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsalable, and to

obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*" — *Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies*, June 17, 1820.

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, Leon. The same disease had been there; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! [illegible] each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish s[illegible] been heard of. The Rodeur reached Guadal[illegible] of June; the only man who had escaped the di[illegible] been enabled to steer the slaver into port, cau[illegible] after its arrival. — *Bibliotheque Ophthalmologiq*[illegible] 1819.

"ALL ready? [illegible] captain;
"Ay, ay! [illegible] said;
"Heave up t[illegible] lubbers, —
The dying and the dead."
Up from the slave-ship's prison
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust:
"Now let the sharks look to it, —
Toss up the dead ones first!"

Corpse after corpse came up, —
Death had been busy there;
Where every blow is mercy,
Why should the spoiler spare?
Corpse after corpse they cast
Sullenly from the ship,
Yet bloody with the traces
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,
With his arms upon his breast,
With his cold brow sternly knotted,
And his iron lip compressed.

"Are all the dead dogs over?"
Growled through that matted lip;
"The blind ones are no better,
Let 's lighten the good ship."

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,
The very sounds of hell!
The ringing clank of iron,
The maniac's short, sharp yell!
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled;
The starving infant's moan,
The horror of a breaking heart
Poured through a mother's groan.

Up from that loathsome prison
The stricken blind ones came:
Below, had all been darkness,
Above, was still the same.
Yet the holy breath of heaven
Was sweetly breathing there,
And the heated brow of fever
Cooled in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates!"
Cutlass and dirk were plied;
Fettered and blind, one after one,
Plunged down the vessel's side.
The sabre smote above,
Beneath, the lean shark lay,
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw
His quick and human prey.

God of the earth! what cries
Rang upward unto thee?

Voices of agony and blood,
From ship-deck and from sea.
The last dull plunge was heard,
The last wave caught its stain,
And the unsated shark looked up
For human hearts in vain.

. . . .

Red gl[illegible] rn waters,
The [illegible] s there,
Scatter[illegible] ave and cloud
His f[illegible] air.
Amidst [illegible] ndness,
A sol[illegible]
Gazed, [illegible] ened slaver's deck,
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,
"Is gathering and at hand;
Curse on 't, I 'd give my other eye
For one firm rood of land."
And then he laughed, but only
His echoed laugh replied,
For the blinded and the suffering
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
And on a stormy heaven,
While fiercely on that lone ship's track
The thunder-gust was driven.
"A sail! — thank God, a sail!"
And as the helmsman spoke,
Up through the stormy murmur
A shout of gladness broke.

The Slave-Ships

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Down came the stranger vessel,
  Unheeding on her way,
So near that on the slaver's deck
  Fell off her driven spray.
"Ho! for the love of mercy,
  We 're perishing and blind!"
A wail of utter agony
  Came back upon the wind:

"Help us! for we are stricken
  With blindness every one;
Ten days we 've floated fearfully,
  Unnoting star or sun.
Our ship 's the slaver Leon, —
  We 've but a score on board;
Our slaves are all gone over, —
  Help, for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony
  The broad red lightning shone;
But the roar of wind and thunder
  Stifled the answering groan;
Wailed from the broken waters
  A last despairing cry,
As, kindling in the stormy light,
  The stranger ship went by.

. . . . . .

In the sunny Guadaloupe
  A dark-hulled vessel lay,
With a crew who noted never
  The nightfall or the day.
The blossom of the orange
  Was white by every stream,

And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird
  Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever,
  And the moonlight slept as well,
On the palm-trees by the hillside,
  And the streamlet of the dell:
And the gi[illegible] Creole
  Were [illegible] deep,
And her s[illegible] as ever
  Of pass[illegible]eep.

But vain w[illegible]d blossom,
  The gree[illegible] the sky,
And the smile of human faces,
  To the slaver's darkened eye;
At the breaking of the morning,
  At the star-lit evening time,
O'er a world of light and beauty
  Fell the blackness of his crime.

1834.

EXPOSTULATION.

Dr. Charles Follen, a German patriot, who had come to America for the freedom which was denied him in his native land, allied himself with the abolitionists, and at a convention of delegates from all the anti-slavery organizations in New England, held at Boston in May, 1834, was chairman of a committee to prepare an address to the people of New England. Toward the close of the address occurred the passage which suggested these lines.

"The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States — the free United States, which could not bear the

bonds of a king — cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?" — *Dr. Follen's Address.*

"Genius of America! — Spirit of our free institutions! — where art thou? How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning, — how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming! The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha! Art thou become like unto us?" — *Speech of Samuel J. May.*

Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
  Slaves, in a land of light and law!
Slaves, crouching on the very plains
  Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!
A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood,
  A wail where Camden's martyrs fell,
By every shrine of patriot blood,
  From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,
  By mossy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
  And hurrying shout of Marion's men!
The groan of breaking hearts is there,
  The falling lash, the fetter's clank!
Slaves, slaves are breathing in that air
  Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho! our countrymen in chains!
  The whip on woman's shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains
  Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
  What! God's own image bought and sold!
Americans to market driven,
  And bartered as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
  Come th illing to our hearts in vain?
To us whose fathers scorned to bear
  The paltry menace of a chain;
To us, whose boast is loud and long
  Of holy Liberty and Light;
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong
  Plead vai lered Right?

What! shall v vish breath,
  Our sympat vave,
Where Manho of death,
  Strikes for grave?
Shall prayers g as be sung
  For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
And millions hail with pen and tongue
  Our light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
  By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,
And Poland, gasping on her lance,
  The impulse of our cheering call?
And shall the slave, beneath our eye,
  Clank o'er our fields his hateful chain?
And toss his fettered arms on high,
  And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be
  A refuge for the stricken slave?
And shall the Russian serf go free
  By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?
And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
  Relax the iron hand of pride,

And bid his bondmen cast the chain
  From fettered soul and limb aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
  Proclaim that all around are free,
From farthest Ind to each blue crag
  That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
  When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
  The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go, let us ask of Constantine
  To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
  To spare the struggling Suliote;
Will not the scorching answer come
  From turbaned Turk, and scornful Russ:
"Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
  Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
  The Christian's scorn, the heathen's mirth,
Content to live the lingering jest
  And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
  That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
  Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
  From graybeard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
  Scatter the living coals of Truth!

Up! while ye slumber, deeper yet
  The shadow of our fame is growing!
Up! while ye pause, our sun may set
  In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth,
  The gathered wrath of God and man,
Like that wh[illegible] gypt's earth,
  When hail [illegible] ve it ran.
Hear ye no w[illegible] e air?
  Feel ye no [illegible] nderneath?
Up, up! why [illegible] ber where
  The sleeper [illegible] in death?

Rise now for Freec [illegible] ot in strife
  Like that your sterner fathers saw,
The awful waste of human life,
  The glory and the guilt of war:
But break the chain, the yoke remove,
  And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
  Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
  And leave no traces where it stood;
Nor longer let its idol drink
  His daily cup of human blood;
But rear another altar there,
  To Truth and Love and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
  Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

1834.

HYMN.

Written for the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, at Chatham Street Chapel, New York, held on the 4th of the seventh month, 1834.

O THOU, whose presence went before
  Our fathers in their weary way,
As with Thy chosen moved of yore
  The fire by night, the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,
  A nation's song ascends to Heaven,
Most Holy Father! unto Thee
  May not our humble prayer be given?

Thy children all, though hue and form
  Are varied in Thine own good will,
With Thy own holy breathings warm,
  And fashioned in Thine image still.

We thank Thee, Father! hill and plain
  Around us wave their fruits once more,
And clustered vine, and blossomed grain,
  Are bending round each cottage door.

And peace is here; and hope and love
  Are round us as a mantle thrown,
And unto Thee, supreme above,
  The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But oh, for those this day can bring,
  As unto us, no joyful thrill;

For those who, under Freedom's wing,
  Are bound in Slavery's fetters still:

For those to whom Thy written word
  Of light and love is never given;
For those whose ears have never heard
  The promise and the hope of heaven!

For broken h[illegible] ouded mind,
  Whereon n[illegible] ercies fall;
Oh, be Thy g[illegible] inclined,
  Who, as a[illegible] est all!

And grant, [illegible] at the time
  Of Earth's de[illegible] may be near,
When every land and tongue and clime
  The message of Thy love shall hear;

When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
  The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
  The glorious freedom of the just!

THE YANKEE GIRL.

She sings by her wheel at that low cottage-door,
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!

And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door,
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
'T is the great Southern planter, the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen, for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them;
For shame, Ellen, shame, cast thy bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

"Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,
Where the shade of the palm-tree is over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

"Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;

They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling
and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her — that pride of our
girls —
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn in which the gazer could
feel,
And a glance like shine that flashes on
steel!

"Go back, haugh on! thy treasures of
gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast
sold;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

"And the sky of thy South may be brighter than
ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flow-
ers;
But dearer the blast round our mountains which
raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over
slaves!

"Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In fetters with them, than in freedom with thee!"

1835.

THE HUNTERS OF MEN.

These lines were written when the orators of the American Colonization Society were demanding that the free blacks should be sent to Africa, and opposing Emancipation unless expatriation followed. See the report of the proceedings of the society at its annual meeting in 1834.

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest, — the hunting of men?
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn;
Hark! the cheer and the hallo! the crack of the whip,
And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match,
Though hundreds are caught, there are millions to catch.
So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest, — the hunting of men!

Gay luck to our hunters! how nobly they ride
In the glow of their zeal, and the strength of their pride!
The priest with his cassock flung back on the wind,
Just screening the politic statesman behind;
The saint and the sinner, with cursing and prayer,
The drunk and the sober, ride merrily there.
And woman, kind woman, wife, widow, and maid,
For the good of the hunted, is lending her aid:

Her foot 's in the stirrup, her hand on the rein,
How blithely she rides to the hunting of men!

Oh, goodly and grand is our hunting to see,
In this "land of the brave and this home of the free."
Priest, warrior, and statesman, from Georgia to Maine,
All mounting the [illegible] grasping the rein;
Right merrily hu[illegible] ack man, whose sin
Is the curl of his [illegible] hue of his skin!
Woe, now, to the [illegible] turns him at bay!
Will our hunters [illegible] om their purpose and prey?
Will their hearts [illegible] them? their nerves tremble, when
All roughly they ride to the hunting of men?

Ho! alms for our hunters! all weary and faint,
Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of the saint.
The horn is wound faintly, the echoes are still,
Over cane-brake and river, and forest and hill.
Haste, alms for our hunters! the hunted once more
Have turned from their flight with their backs to the shore:
What right have they here in the home of the white,
Shadowed o'er by our banner of Freedom and Right?
Ho! alms for the hunters! or never again
Will they ride in their pomp to the hunting of men!

Alms, alms for our hunters! why will ye delay,
When their pride and their glory are melting away?

The Hunters of Men

The parson has turned; for, on charge of his own,
Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone?
The politic statesman looks back with a sigh,
There is doubt in his heart, there is fear in his eye.
Oh, haste, lest that doubting and fear shall prevail,
And the head of his steed take the place of the tail.
Oh, haste, ere he leave us! for who will ride then,
For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men?

1835.

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

The "Times" referred to were those evil times of the pro-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall, August 21, 1835, in which a demand was made for the suppression of free speech, lest it should endanger the foundation of commercial society.

Is this the land our fathers loved,
The freedom which they toiled to win?
Is this the soil whereon they moved?
Are these the graves they slumber in?
Are we the sons by whom are borne
The mantles which the dead have worn?

And shall we crouch above these graves,
With craven soul and fettered lip?
Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,
And tremble at the driver's whip?
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
And speak but as our masters please?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?
Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel,
The dungeon's gloom, the assassin's blow,

Turn back the spirit roused to save
The Truth, our Country, and the Slave?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,
Round which the priests of Mexico
Before their loathsome idol prayed;
Is Freedom's altar fashioned so?
And must we [illegible] dom's God,
As offering mee [illegible] 's blood?

Shall tongues b[illegible] en deeds are wrought
Which well n[illegible] extremest hell?
Shall freemen l[illegible] ignant thought?
Shall Pity's [illegible] to swell?
Shall Honor bleed? — sn[illegible] l Truth succumb?
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?

No; by each spot of haunted ground,
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall;
By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's mound;
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall;
By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade;
By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst
The bands and fetters round them set;
By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,
By all above, around, below,
Be ours the indignant answer, — No!

No; guided by our country's laws,
For truth, and right, and suffering man,

Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
  As Christians may, as freemen can!
Still pouring on unwilling ears
That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbor still,
  While woman shrieks beneath his rod,
And while he tramples down at will
  The image of a common God?
Shall watch and ward be round him set,
Of Northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with him
  The danger and the growing shame?
And see our Freedom's light grow dim,
  Which should have filled the world with flame?
And, writhing, feel, where'er we turn,
A world's reproach around us burn?

Is 't not enough that this is borne?
  And asks our haughty neighbor more?
Must fetters which his slaves have worn
  Clank round the Yankee farmer's door?
Must he be told, beside his plough,
What he must speak, and when, and how?

Must he be told his freedom stands
  On Slavery's dark foundations strong;
On breaking hearts and fettered hands,
  On robbery, and crime, and wrong?
That all his fathers taught is vain, —
That Freedom's emblem is the chain?

Its life, its soul, from slavery drawn!
  False, foul, profane! Go, teach as well
Of holy Truth from Falsehood born!
  Of Heaven refreshed by airs from Hell!
Of Virtue in the arms of Vice!
Of Demons planting Paradise!

Rail on, then, [illegible]a of the South,
  Ye shall not [illegible]e truth the less;
No seal is on th[illegible]tee's mouth,
  No fetter on [illegible]nkee's press!
From our Grea[illegible]tains to the sea,
One voice sh[illegible]r, We are free!

CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

In the report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of the ninth month, 1835, published in the *Courier* of that city, it is stated: "The clergy of all denominations attended in a body, lending their sanction to the proceedings, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene!"

JUST God! and these are they
Who minister at thine altar, God of Right!
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
  On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach, and kidnap men?
Give thanks, and rob thy own afflicted poor?
Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then
  Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of thy own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save

The homeless and the outcast, fettering down
The tasked and plundered slave!

Pilate and Herod, friends!
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!
Just God and holy! is that church, which lends
Strength to the spoiler, thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which search and burn
In warning and rebuke;

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!
And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank the Lord
That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord! how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And in Thy name, for robbery and wrong
At Thy own altars pray?

Is not Thy hand stretched forth
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?
Shall not the living God of all the earth,
And heaven above, do right?

Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father down!
To all who plunder from the immortal mind
Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the priesthood! woe
To those whose hire is with the price of blood;
Perverting, darkening, changing, as they go,
The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might
Shall perish; and their very names shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty.

Oh, speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease, and Liberty and Love
And Truth and Right throughout the earth be known
As in their home above.

1836.

A SUMMONS.

Written on the adoption of Pinckney's Resolutions in the House of Representatives, and the passage of Calhoun's "Bill for excluding Papers written or printed, touching the subject of Slavery, from the U. S. Post-office," in the Senate of the United States.

Mr. Pinckney's resolutions were in brief that Congress had no authority to interfere in any way with slavery in the States; that it ought not to interfere with it in the District of Columbia, and that all resolutions to that end should be laid on the table without printing. Mr. Calhoun's bill made it a penal offence for postmasters in any State, District, or Territory "knowingly to deliver, to any person whatever, any pamphlet, newspaper, handbill, or other printed paper or pictorial representation, touching the subject of slavery, where, by the laws of the said State, District, or Territory, their circulation was prohibited."

MEN of the North-land! where 's the manly spirit
Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?

Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit
Their names alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched within us,
Stoops the strong manhood of our souls so low,
That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us
To silence now?

Now, when our land to ruin's brink is verging,
In God's name, let us speak while there is time!
Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,
Silence is crime!

What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors
Rights all our own? In madness shall we barter,
For treacherous peace, the freedom Nature gave us,
God and our charter?

Here shall the statesman forge his human fetters,
Here the false jurist human rights deny,
And in the church, their proud and skilled abettors
Make truth a lie?

Torture the pages of the hallowed Bible,
To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood?
And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel
Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer,
But stoop in chains upon her downward way,
Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger
Day after day?

Oh no; methinks from all her wild, green mountains;
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie;
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,
And clear, cold sky;

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean
Gnaws with h[illegible]om the fisher's skiff,
With white sail s[illegible]he billows' motion
[illegible] and cliff;

From the free fir[illegible] unbought farmer;
From her free [illegible]is loom and wheel;
From the brown sm[illegible], where, beneath the hammer,
Rings the red steel;

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken
Our land, and left us to an evil choice,
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken
A People's voice.

Startling and stern! the Northern winds shall bear it
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;
And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it
Within her grave.

Oh, let that voice go forth! The bondman sighing
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,
Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who are gazing
  Sadly upon us from afar shall smile,
And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,
  Bless us the while.

Oh for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,
  For the deliverance of a groaning earth,
For the wronged captive, bleeding, crushed, and lowly,
  Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter
  With all they left ye perilled and at stake?
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar
  The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come together,
  Put on the harness for the moral fight,
And, with the blessing of your Heavenly Father,
  Maintain the right!

1836.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY.

Thomas Shipley of Philadelphia was a lifelong Christian philanthropist, and advocate of emancipation. At his funeral thousands of colored people came to take their last look at their friend and protector. He died September 17, 1836.

GONE to thy Heavenly Father's rest!
  The flowers of Eden round thee blowing,
And on thine ear the murmurs blest
  Of Siloa's waters softly flowing!

Beneath that Tree of Life which gives
To all the earth its healing leaves
In the white robe of angels clad,
  And wandering by that sacred river,
Whose streams of holiness make glad
  The city of our God forever!

Gentlest of s[illegible] or thee
  Our tears a[illegible] r sighs are given;
Why mourn t[illegible] u art a free
  Partaker o[illegible] heaven?
Finished thy [illegible] ept thy faith
In Christian [illegible] to death;
And beautif[illegible] earth,
  When autum[illegible] downward going,
The blessed memory of thy worth
  Around thy place of slumber glowing!

But woe for us! who linger still
  With feebler strength and hearts less lowly,
And minds less steadfast to the will
  Of Him whose every work is holy.
For not like thine, is crucified
The spirit of our human pride:
And at the bondman's tale of woe,
  And for the outcast and forsaken,
Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,
  Our weaker sympathies awaken.

Darkly upon our struggling way
  The storm of human hate is sweeping;
Hunted and branded, and a prey,
  Our watch amidst the darkness keeping,

Oh, for that hidden strength which can
Nerve unto death the inner man!
Oh, for thy spirit, tried and true,
  And constant in the hour of trial,
Prepared to suffer, or to do,
  In meekness and in self-denial.

Oh, for that spirit, meek and mild,
  Derided, spurned, yet uncomplaining;
By man deserted and reviled,
  Yet faithful to its trust remaining.
Still prompt and resolute to save
From scourge and chain the hunted slave;
Unwavering in the Truth's defence,
  Even where the fires of Hate were burning,
The unquailing eye of innocence
  Alone upon the oppressor turning!

O loved of thousands! to thy grave,
  Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee.
The poor man and the rescued slave
  Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee;
And grateful tears, like summer rain,
Quickened its dying grass again!
And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,
  Shall come the outcast and the lowly,
Of gentle deeds and words of thine
  Recalling memories sweet and holy!

Oh, for the death the righteous die!
  An end, like autumn's day declining,
On human hearts, as on the sky,
  With holier, tenderer beauty shining;

As to the parting soul were given
The radiance of an opening heaven!
As if that pure and blessed light,
From off the Eternal altar flowing,
Were bathing, in its upward flight,
The spirit to its worship going!

1836.

TI[illegible] WARFARE.

When Fre[illegible] natal day,
Within her [illegible] radle lay,
An iron rac[illegible] stood,
Baptized her int[illegible] in blood;
And, through the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past, their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place;
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,

And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given, —
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.
1836.

RITNER.

Written on reading the Message of Governor Ritner, of Pennsylvania, 1836. The fact redounds to the credit and serves to perpetuate the memory of the independent farmer and high-souled statesman, that he alone of all the Governors of the Union in 1836 met the insulting demands and menaces of the South in a manner becoming a freeman and hater of Slavery, in his message to the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

THANK God for the token! one lip is still free,
One spirit untrammelled, unbending one knee!
Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm,
Erect, when the multitude bends to the storm;
When traitors to Freedom, and Honor, and God,
Are bowed at an Idol polluted with blood;
When the recreant North has forgotten her trust,
And the lip of her honor is low in the dust, —
Thank God, that one arm from the shackle has broken!
Thank God, that one man as a freeman has spoken!

O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has been blown!
Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the murmur has gone!
To the land of the South, of the charter and chain,
Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's pain;

Where the cant of Democracy dwells on the lips
Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders of whips!
Where "chivalric" honor means really no more
Than scourging of women, and robbing the poor!
Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth on high,
And the words which he utters, are — Worship, or
die!

Right onward, [illegible]! Wherever the blood
Of the wronged [illegible]iltless is crying to God;
Wherever a sla[illegible]ters is pining;
Wherever the [illegible] river is twining;
Wherever frou[illegible]rn rudely apart,
Comes the sorr[illegible]f the broken of heart;
Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind,
In silence and darkness, the God-given mind;
There, God speed it onward! its truth will be felt,
The bonds shall be loosened, the iron shall melt!

And oh, will the land where the free soul of
Penn
Still lingers and breathes over mountain and glen;
Will the land where a Benezet's spirit went forth
To the peeled and the meted, and outcast of Earth;
Where the words of the Charter of Liberty first
From the soul of the sage and the patriot burst;
Where first for the wronged and the weak of their
kind,
The Christian and statesman their efforts combined;
Will that land of the free and the good wear a
chain?
Will the call to the rescue of Freedom be vain?

No, Ritner! her "Friends" at thy warning shall stand
Erect for the truth, like their ancestral band;
Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past time,
Counting coldness injustice, and silence a crime;
Turning back from the cavil of creeds, to unite
Once again for the poor in defence of the Right;
Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full tide of Wrong,
Overwhelmed, but not borne on its surges along;
Unappalled by the danger, the shame, and the pain,
And counting each trial for Truth as their gain!

And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest and true,
Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its due;
Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert with thine,
On the banks of Swetara, the songs of the Rhine, —
The German-born pilgrims, who first dared to brave
The scorn of the proud in the cause of the slave;
Will the sons of such men yield the lords of the South
One brow for the brand, for the padlock one mouth?
They cater to tyrants? They rivet the chain,
Which their fathers smote off, on the negro again?

No, never! one voice, like the sound in the cloud,
When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more loud,
Wherever the foot of the freeman hath pressed
From the Delaware's marge to the Lake of the West,

On the South-going breezes shall deepen and grow
Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below!
The voice of a people, uprisen, awake,
Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom at stake,
Thrilling up from each valley, flung down from each height,
"Our Country and Liberty! God for the Right!"

1837.

THE [illegible] L LETTER.

The General Associ[illegible] regational ministers in Massachusetts met at Broo[illegible] 7, 1837, and issued a Pastoral Letter to the churches [illegible]. The immediate occasion of it was the profound sensation pro[illegible]ced by the recent public lecture in Massachusetts by Angelina and Sarah Grimké, two noble women from South Carolina, who bore their testimony against slavery. The Letter demanded that "the perplexed and agitating subjects which are now common amongst us . . . should not be forced upon any church as matters for debate, at the hazard of alienation and division," and called attention to the dangers now seeming "to threaten the female character with widespread and permanent injury."

So, this is all, — the utmost reach
  Of priestly power the mind to fetter!
When laymen think, when women preach,
  A war of words, a "Pastoral Letter!"
Now, shame upon ye, parish Popes!
  Was it thus with those, your predecessors,
Who sealed with racks, and fire, and ropes
  Their loving-kindness to transgressors?

A "Pastoral Letter," grave and dull;
  Alas! in hoof and horns and features,

How different is your Brookfield bull
  From him who bellows from St. Peter's!
Your pastoral rights and powers from harm,
  Think ye, can words alone preserve them?
Your wiser fathers taught the arm
  And sword of temporal power to serve them.

Oh, glorious days, when Church and State
  Were wedded by your spiritual fathers!
And on submissive shoulders sat
  Your Wilsons and your Cotton Mathers.
No vile "itinerant" then could mar
  The beauty of your tranquil Zion,
But at his peril of the scar
  Of hangman's whip and branding-iron.

Then, wholesome laws relieved the Church
  Of heretic and mischief-maker,
And priest and bailiff joined in search,
  By turns, of Papist, witch, and Quaker!
The stocks were at each church's door,
  The gallows stood on Boston Common,
A Papist's ears the pillory bore, —
  The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman!

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal
  With "non-professing" frantic teachers;
They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,
  And flayed the backs of "female preachers."
Old Hampton, had her fields a tongue,
  And Salem's streets could tell their story,
Of fainting woman dragged along,
  Gashed by the whip accursed and gory!

and suffering and he

No, for yourselves alone
  The pages of intolerai
That, in their spirit, dar
  Ye haply may your ow
For, if ye claim the "pa
  To silence Freedom's v
And from your precincts
  Of Freedom's day arou

If when an earthquake vo
  And signs in earth and
That forth, in its appointe
  The Spirit of the Lord i
And, with that Spirit, Fre
  On kindred, tongue, and
Whose slumbering million
  In glory and in strength

When for the sighing of th
  And for the needy, God
And chains are breaking, a

And bind anew the evil bands
  Which God's right arm of power hath riven;

What marvel that, in many a mind,
  Those darker deeds of bigot madness
Are closely with your own combined,
  Yet "less in anger than in sadness"?
What marvel, if the people learn
  To claim the right of free opinion?
What marvel, if at times they spurn
  The ancient yoke of your dominion?

A glorious remnant linger yet,
  Whose lips are wet at Freedom's fountains,
The coming of whose welcome feet
  Is beautiful upon our mountains!
Men, who the gospel tidings bring
  Of Liberty and Love forever,
Whose joy is an abiding spring,
  Whose peace is as a gentle river!

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale
  Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,
Which echoes here the mournful wail
  Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,
Close while ye may the public ear,
  With malice vex, with slander wound them,
The pure and good shall throng to hear,
  And tried and manly hearts surround them.

Oh, ever may the power which led
  Their way to such a fiery trial,
And strengthened womanhood to tread
  The wine-press of such self-denial,

Be round them in an evil land,
With wisdom and with strength from Heaven,
With Miriam's voice, and Judith's hand,
And Deborah's song, for triumph given!

And what are ye who strive with God
Against the ark of His salvation,
Moved by the [illegible] prayer abroad,
With blessi[illegible] ying nation?
What, but the [illegible] d the hay
To perish, e[illegible] consuming,
With all that [illegible] lorious way,
Before the [illegible] of His coming?

And thou, sad A[illegible] o so long
Hast waited for the glorious token,
That Earth from all her bonds of wrong
To liberty and light has broken, —
Angel of Freedom! soon to thee
The sounding trumpet shall be given,
And over Earth's full jubilee
Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!

1837.

HYMN.

Written for the celebration of the third anniversary of British emancipation at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, first of August, 1837.

O Holy Father! just and true
Are all Thy works and words and ways,
And unto Thee alone are due
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!

As children of Thy gracious care,
  We veil the eye, we bend the knee,
With broken words of praise and prayer,
  Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of Right,
  The sighing of the island slave;
And stretched for him the arm of might,
  Not shortened that it could not save.
The laborer sits beneath his vine,
  The shackled soul and hand are free;
Thanksgiving! for the work is Thine!
  Praise! for the blessing is of Thee!

And oh, we feel Thy presence here,
  Thy awful arm in judgment bare!
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear;
  Thine ear hath heard the bondman's prayer.
Praise! for the pride of man is low,
  The counsels of the wise are naught,
The fountains of repentance flow;
  What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on Thy work, Lord God of Hosts!
  And when the bondman's chain is riven,
And swells from all our guilty coasts
  The anthem of the free to Heaven,
Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,
  As with Thy cloud and fire before,
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
  Be praise and glory evermore.

Where the noisome insect
Where the fever demon s
Poison with the falling de
Where the sickly sunbeam
Through the hot and mist
Gone, gone, — sold a
To the rice-swamp da
From Virginia's hills
Woe is me, my stolen

Gone, gone, — sold an
To the rice-swamp dan
There no mother's eye is ne
There no mother's ear can l
Never, when the torturing l
Seams their back with man
Shall a mother's kindness bl
Or a mother's arms caress tl
Gone, gone, — sold and
To the rice-swamp dank
From Virginia's hills

Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,
There no brother's voice shall greet them;
There no father's welcome meet them.
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play;
From the cool spring where they drank;
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank;
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there;
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone;
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey.
Oh, that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more!
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,

... their cruel wrongs are al
Still their hope and refuge p
With a more than mother's l
Gone, gone, — sold and
To the rice-swamp dank
From Virginia's hills an
Woe is me, my stolen da

1838.

PENNSYLVANIA HA

**Read at the dedication of Pennsylvania
May 15, 1838. The building was erected by a
tlemen, irrespective of sect or party, "that
delphia should possess a room wherein the p
and Equality of Civil Rights, could be freel
evils of slavery fearlessly portrayed." On
17th it was burned by a mob, destroying the
vania Freeman, of which I was editor, and
papers.**

NOT with the splendors of the days
The spoil of nations, and barbaric
No weapons wrested from the foll

Nor blazoned car, nor banners floating gay,
Like those which swept along the Appian Way,
When, to the welcome of imperial Rome,
The victor warrior came in triumph home,
And trumpet peal, and shoutings wild and high,
Stirred the blue quiet of the Italian sky;
But calm and grateful, prayerful and sincere,
As Christian freemen only, gathering here,
We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall,
Pillar and arch, entablature and wall,
As Virtue's shrine, as Liberty's abode,
Sacred to Freedom, and to Freedom's God!
Far statelier Halls, 'neath brighter skies than these,
Stood darkly mirrored in the Ægean seas,
Pillar and shrine, and life-like statues seen,
Graceful and pure, the marble shafts between;
Where glorious Athens from her rocky hill
Saw Art and Beauty subject to her will;
And the chaste temple, and the classic grove,
The hall of sages, and the bowers of love,
Arch, fane, and column, graced the shores, and gave
Their shadows to the blue Saronic wave;
And statelier rose, on Tiber's winding side,
The Pantheon's dome, the Coliseum's pride,
The Capitol, whose arches backward flung
The deep, clear cadence of the Roman tongue,
Whence stern decrees, like words of fate, went forth
To the awed nations of a conquered earth,
Where the proud Cæsars in their glory came,
And Brutus lightened from his lips of flame!

[illegible] shore, or blue Peg
In the thronged forum, or the
The bold lip pleaded, and the
No soul of sorrow melted at h
No tear of pity rusted on his

But this fair Hall to Truth an
Pledged to the Right before all
A free arena for the strife of n
To caste, or sect, or color unco
Shall thrill with echoes such as
From Roman hall or Grecian t
Thoughts shall find utterance s
The Propylea or the Forum me
Beneath its roof no gladiator's
Shall win applauses with the w
No lordly lictor urge the barba
No wanton Lais glory in her sl
But here the tear of sympathy
As the ear listens to the tale of
Here in stern judgment of the
Shall strong rebukings thrill

But a fair field, where mind may close with mind,
Free as the sunshine and the chainless wind;
Where the high trust is fixed on Truth alone,
And bonds and fetters from the soul are thrown;
Where wealth, and rank, and worldly pomp, and might,
Yield to the presence of the True and Right.

And fitting is it that this Hall should stand
Where Pennsylvania's Founder led his band,
From thy blue waters, Delaware! — to press
The virgin verdure of the wilderness.
Here, where all Europe with amazement saw
The soul's high freedom trammelled by no law;
Here, where the fierce and warlike forest-men
Gathered, in peace, around the home of Penn,
Awed by the weapons Love alone had given
Drawn from the holy armory of Heaven;
Where Nature's voice against the bondman's wrong
First found an earnest and indignant tongue;
Where Lay's bold message to the proud was borne;
And Keith's rebuke, and Franklin's manly scorn!
Fitting it is that here, where Freedom first
From her fair feet shook off the Old World's dust,
Spread her white pinions to our Western blast,
And her free tresses to our sunshine cast,
One Hall should rise redeemed from Slavery's ban,
One Temple sacred to the Rights of Man!

Oh! if the spirits of the parted come,
Visiting angels, to their olden home;

If the dead fathers of the land look forth
From their fair dwellings, to the things of earth,
Is it a dream, that with their eyes of love,
They gaze now on us from the bowers above?
Lay's ardent soul, and Bement the mild,
Sandfast in faith, yet gentle as a child,
Meek-hearted Woolman, and that brother-band,
The sorrowing e[illegible]eir "Father land,"
Leaving their ha[illegible]hem's bowers of vine,
And the blue be[illegible] glorious Rhine,
To seek amidst [illegible]pths of wood
Freedom from n[illegible] peace with God;
Who first of all [illegible]nial gave
Against the opp[illegible]e outcast slave,
Is it a dream tha[illegible]se look down,
And with their blessing our rejoicings crown?
Let us rejoice, that while the pulpit's door
Is barred against the pleaders for the poor;
While the Church, wrangling upon points of faith,
Forgets her bondmen suffering unto death;
While crafty Traffic and the lust of Gain
Unite to forge Oppression's triple chain,
One door is open, and one Temple free,
As a resting-place for hunted Liberty!
Where men may speak, unshackled and unawed,
High words of Truth, for Freedom and for God.
And when that truth its perfect work hath done,
And rich with blessings o'er our land hath gone;
When not a slave beneath his yoke shall pine,
From broad Potomac to the far Sabine:
When unto angel lips at last is given
The silver trump of Jubilee in Heaven;

And from Virginia's plains, Kentucky's shades,
And through the dim Floridian everglades,
Rises, to meet that angel-trumpet's sound,
The voice of millions from their chains unbound;
Then, though this Hall be crumbling in decay,
Its strong walls blending with the common clay,
Yet, round the ruins of its strength shall stand
The best and noblest of a ransomed land —
Pilgrims, like these who throng around the shrine
Of Mecca, or of holy Palestine!
A prouder glory shall that ruin own
Than that which lingers round the Parthenon.
Here shall the child of after years be taught
The works of Freedom which his fathers wrought;
Told of the trials of the present hour,
Our weary strife with prejudice and power;
How the high errand quickened woman's soul,
And touched her lip as with a living coal;
How Freedom's martyrs kept their lofty faith
True and unwavering, unto bonds and death;
The pencil's art shall sketch the ruined Hall,
The Muses' garland crown its aged wall,
And History's pen for after times record
Its consecration unto Freedom's God!

THE NEW YEAR.

Addressed to the Patrons of the *Pennsylvania Freeman.*

THE wave is breaking on the shore,
  The echo fading from the chime;
Again the shadow moveth o'er
  The dial-plate of time!

O seer-seen Angel! waiting now
With weary feet on sea and shore,
Impatient for the last dread vow
That time shall be no more!

Once more across thy sleepless eye
The semblance of a smile has passed:
The year departing leaves more nigh
Time's fearfullest and last.

Oh, in that dying year hath been
The sum of all since time began;
The birth and death, the joy and pain,
Of Nature and of Man.

Spring, with her change of sun and shower,
And streams released from Winter's chain,
And bursting bud, and opening flower,
And greenly growing grain;

And Summer's shade, and sunshine warm,
And rainbows o'er her hill-tops bowed,
And voices in her rising storm;
God speaking from His cloud!

And Autumn's fruits and clustering sheaves,
And soft, warm days of golden light,
The glory of her forest leaves,
And harvest-moon at night;

And Winter with her leafless grove,
And prisoned stream, and drifting snow,
The brilliance of her heaven above
And of her earth below:

And man, in whom an angel's mind
  With earth's low instincts finds abode,
The highest of the links which bind
  Brute nature to her God;

His infant eye hath seen the light,
  His childhood's merriest laughter rung,
And active sports to manlier might
  The nerves of boyhood strung!

And quiet love, and passion's fires,
  Have soothed or burned in manhood's breast,
And lofty aims and low desires
  By turns disturbed his rest.

The wailing of the newly-born
  Has mingled with the funeral knell;
And o'er the dying's ear has gone
  The merry marriage-bell.

And Wealth has filled his halls with mirth,
  While Want, in many a humble shed,
Toiled, shivering by her cheerless hearth,
  The live-long night for bread.

And worse than all, the human slave,
  The sport of lust, and pride, and scorn!
Plucked off the crown his Maker gave,
  His regal manhood gone!

Oh, still, my country! o'er thy plains,
  Blackened with slavery's blight and ban,
That human chattel drags his chains,
  An uncreated man!

And still, where'er to sun and breeze,
My country, is thy flag unrolled,
With scorn, the gazing stranger sees
A stain on every fold.

Oh, tear the gorgeous emblem down!
It gathers scorn from every eye,
And despots smile [illegible] men frown
Whene'er it pa[illegible]

Shame! shame! it [illegible] lendors glow
Above the slaver[illegible] ne jail;
Its folds are ruffl[illegible] w
His crimson fla[illegible]

Still round our country's proudest hall
The trade in human flesh is driven,
And at each careless hammer-fall
A human heart is riven.

And this, too, sanctioned by the men
Vested with power to shield the right,
And throw each vile and robber den
Wide open to the light.

Yet, shame upon them! there they sit,
Men of the North, subdued and still;
Meek, pliant poltroons, only fit
To work a master's will.

Sold, bargained off for Southern votes,
A passive herd of Northern mules,
Just braying through their purchased throats
Whate'er their owner rules.

And he,[2] the basest of the base,
  The vilest of the vile, whose name,
Embalmed in infinite disgrace,
  Is deathless in its shame!

A tool, to bolt the people's door
  Against the people clamoring there,
An ass, to trample on their floor
  A people's right of prayer!

Nailed to his self-made gibbet fast,
  Self-pilloried to the public view,
A mark for every passing blast
  Of scorn to whistle through;

There let him hang, and hear the boast
  Of Southrons o'er their pliant tool,—
A new Stylites on his post,
  "Sacred to ridicule!"

Look we at home! our noble hall,
  To Freedom's holy purpose given,
Now rears its black and ruined wall,
  Beneath the wintry heaven,

Telling the story of its doom,
  The fiendish mob, the prostrate law,
The fiery jet through midnight's gloom,
  Our gazing thousands saw.

Look to our State! the poor man's right
  Torn from him: and the sons of those
Whose blood in Freedom's sternest fight
  Sprinkled the Jersey snows,

Outlawed within the land of Penn,
  That Slavery's guilty fears might cease,
And those whom God created men
  Toil on as brutes in peace.

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm
  A bow of promise bends on high,
And gleams [illegible] oft and warm,
  Break thro [illegible] ded sky.

East, West, a [illegible] e shout is heard,
  Of freemen [illegible] he right:
Each valley l [illegible] ng word,
  Each hill it [illegible] t.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray,
  The strengthening light of freedom shines,
Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay,
  And Vermont's snow-hung pines!

From Hudson's frowning palisades
  To Alleghany's laurelled crest,
O'er lakes and prairies, streams and glades,
  It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light to those who dwell
  In Slavery's land of woe and sin,
And through the blackness of that hell,
  Let Heaven's own light break in.

So shall the Southern conscience quake
  Before that light poured full and strong,
So shall the Southern heart awake
  To all the bondman's wrong.

And from that rich and sunny land
  The song of grateful millions rise,
Like that of Israel's ransomed band
  Beneath Arabia's skies:

And all who now are bound beneath
  Our banner's shade, our eagle's wing,
From Slavery's night of moral death
  To light and life shall spring.

Broken the bondman's chain, and gone
  The master's guilt, and hate, and fear,
And unto both alike shall dawn
  A New and Happy Year.

1839.

THE RELIC.

Written on receiving a cane wrought from a fragment of the wood-work of Pennsylvania Hall which the fire had spared.

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,
  From one whose fiery heart of youth
With mine has beaten, side by side,
  For Liberty and Truth;
With honest pride the gift I take,
And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells
  Of generous hand and heart sincere;
Around that gift of friendship dwells
  A memory doubly dear;
Earth's noblest aim, man's holiest thought,
With that memorial frail inwrought!

Pure thoughts and sweet like flowers unfold,
  And precious memories round it cling,
Even as the Prophet's rod of old
  In beauty blossoming:
And buds of feeling, pure and good,
Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Free[illegible]ne! a brand
  Plucked fro[illegible]ning! let it be
Dear as a jew[illegible]he hand
  Of a lost fr[illegible]e!
Flower of a pe[illegible]rland left,
Of life and bes[illegible]ereft!

Oh, if the young enth[illegible]siast bears,
  O'er weary waste and sea, the stone
Which crumbled from the Forum's stairs,
  Or round the Parthenon;
Or olive-bough from some wild tree
Hung over old Thermopylæ:

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,
  Or moss-wreath torn from ruins hoary;
Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom
  On fields renowned in story;
Or fragment from the Alhambra's crest,
Or the gray rock by Druids blessed;

Sad Erin's shamrock greenly growing
  Where Freedom led her stalwart kern,
Or Scotia's "rough bur thistle" blowing
  On Bruce's Bannockburn;
Or Runnymede's wild English rose,
Or lichen plucked from Sempach's snows!

If it be true that things like these
  To heart and eye bright visions bring,
Shall not far holier memories
  To this memorial cling?
Which needs no mellowing mist of time
To hide the crimson stains of crime!

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned;
  Of courts where Peace with Freedom trod,
Lifting on high, with hands unstained,
  Thanksgiving unto God;
Where Mercy's voice of love was pleading
For human hearts in bondage bleeding!

Where, midst the sound of rushing feet
  And curses on the night-air flung,
That pleading voice rose calm and sweet
  From woman's earnest tongue;
And Riot turned his scowling glance,
Awed, from her tranquil countenance!

That temple now in ruin lies!
  The fire-stain on its shattered wall,
And open to the changing skies
  Its black and roofless hall,
It stands before a nation's sight,
A gravestone over buried Right!

But from that ruin, as of old,
  The fire-scorched stones themselves are crying,
And from their ashes white and cold
  Its timbers are replying!
A voice which slavery cannot kill
Speaks from the crumbling arches still!

And even this relic from thy shrine,
O holy Freedom! hath to me
A potent power, a voice and sign
To testify of thee;
And, grasping it, methinks I feel
A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike [illegible] ic rod,
Of old stretc[illegible] e Egyptian wave,
Which opened, [illegible] ngth of God,
A pathway fo[illegible],
It yet may poin[illegible] man's way,
And turn the s[illegible] his prey.

1839.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION, HELD IN LONDON IN 1840.

Joseph Sturge, the founder of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, proposed the calling of a world's anti-slavery convention, and the proposal was promptly seconded by the American Anti-Slavery Society. The call was addressed to "friends of the slave of every nation and of every clime."

Yes, let them gather! Summon forth
The pledged philanthropy of Earth.
From every land, whose hills have heard
The bugle blast of Freedom waking;
Or shrieking of her symbol-bird
From out his cloudy eyrie breaking:
Where Justice hath one worshipper,
Or truth one altar built to her;

Where'er a human eye is weeping
  O'er wrongs which Earth's sad children know;
Where'er a single heart is keeping
  Its prayerful watch with human woe:
Thence let them come, and greet each other,
And know in each a friend and brother!

Yes, let them come! from each green vale
  Where England's old baronial halls
  Still bear upon their storied walls
The grim crusader's rusted mail,
Battered by Paynim spear and brand
On Malta's rock or Syria's sand!
And mouldering pennon-staves once set
  Within the soil of Palestine,
By Jordan and Gennesaret;
  Or, borne with England's battle line,
O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping,
Or, midst the camp their banners drooping,
  With dews from hallowed Hermon wet,
A holier summons now is given
  Than that gray hermit's voice of old,
Which unto all the winds of heaven
  The banners of the Cross unrolled!
Not for the long-deserted shrine;
  Not for the dull unconscious sod,
Which tells not by one lingering sign
  That there the hope of Israel trod;
But for that truth, for which alone
  In pilgrim eyes are sanctified
The garden moss, the mountain stone,
Whereon His holy sandals pressed, —
The fountain which His lip hath blessed, —

As if an angel's breath had l
Its vigor to the instrument.

And Wales, from Snowden's
Shall startle at that thrilling
  As if she heard her bards
And Erin's "harp on Tara's
  Give out its ancient strain
Mirthful and sweet, yet sad
  The melody which Erin lo
When o'er that harp, 'mid b
And slogan cries and lyke-w
  The hand of her O'Conne
Scotland, from lake and tarn
And mountain hold, and he
Shall catch and echo back tl
As if she heard upon the ai
Once more her Cameronian
  And song of Freedom flo
And cheering echoes shall r
From each remote depende

From Indian Bengal's groves of palm
And rosy fields and gales of balm,
Where Eastern pomp and power are rolled
Through regal Ava's gates of gold;
And from the lakes and ancient woods
And dim Canadian solitudes,
Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,
Queen of the North, Quebec looks down;
And from those bright and ransomed Isles
Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,
And the dark laborer still retains
The scar of slavery's broken chains!

From the hoar Alps, which sentinel
The gateways of the land of Tell,
Where morning's keen and earliest glance
On Jura's rocky wall is thrown,
And from the olive bowers of France
And vine groves garlanding the Rhone, —
"Friends of the Blacks," as true and tried
As those who stood by Oge's side,
And heard the Haytien's tale of wrong,
Shall gather at that summons strong;
Broglie, Passy, and he whose song
Breathed over Syria's holy sod,
And in the paths which Jesus trod,
And murmured midst the hills which hem
Crownless and sad Jerusalem,
Hath echoes whereso'er the tone
Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come; from Quito's walls,
And from the Orinoco's tide,

From Lima's Inca-haunted halls,
From Santa Fé and Yucatan, —
  Men who by swart Guerrero's side
Proclaimed the deathless rights of man,
  Broke every bond and fetter off,
  And hailed in every sable serf
A free and brother Mexican!
Chiefs who ac[illegible]ndes' chain
  Have follow[illegible]m's flowing pennon,
And seen on J[illegible]rful plain,
Glare o'er the [illegible]nks of Spain
  The fire-burs[illegible]ar's cannon!
And Hayti, fro[illegible]untain land,
  Shall send the[illegible] those who hurled
Defiance from her [illegible]g strand,
The war-gage from her Petion's hand,
  Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,
Land of the dark and mystic Nile!
  Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame
  All tyrants of a Christian name,
When in the shade of Gizeh's pile,
Or, where, from Abyssinian hills
El Gerek's upper fountain fills,
Or where from Mountains of the Moon
El Abiad bears his watery boon,
Where'er thy lotus blossoms swim
  Within their ancient hallowed waters;
Where'er is heard the Coptic hymn,
  Or song of Nubia's sable daughters;
The curse of slavery and the crime,
Thy bequest from remotest time,

At thy dark Mehemet's decree
Forevermore shall pass from thee;
  And chains forsake each captive's limb
Of all those tribes, whose hills around
Have echoed back the cymbal sound
  And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose crime
To earth's remotest bound and clime,
In mingled tones of awe and scorn,
The echoes of a world have borne,
My country! glorious at thy birth,
A day-star flashing brightly forth,
  The herald-sign of Freedom's dawn!
Oh, who could dream that saw thee then,
  And watched thy rising from afar,
That vapors from oppression's fen
  Would cloud the upward tending star?
Or, that earth's tyrant powers, which heard,
  Awe-struck, the shout which hailed thy dawning,
Would rise so soon, prince, peer, and king,
To mock thee with their welcoming,
Like Hades when her thrones were stirred
  To greet the down-cast Star of Morning!
"Aha! and art thou fallen thus?
Art thou become as one of us?"

Land of my fathers! there will stand,
Amidst that world-assembled band,
Those owning thy maternal claim
Unweakened by thy crime and shame;
The sad reprovers of thy wrong;
The children thou hast spurned so long.

Still with affection's fondest yearning
To their unnatural mother turning.
No traitors they! but tried and leal,
Whose own is but thy general weal,
Still blending with the patriot's zeal
The Christian's love for human kind,
To caste and climate unconfined.

A holy gat[illegible]eful all:
No threat [illegible]age call
For veng[illegible]erring brother!
But in thei[illegible]odlike plan
To teach th[illegible]d of man
To love a[illegible] one another,
As sharers o[illegible] blood,
The children of a common God!
Yet, even at its lightest word,
Shall Slavery's darkest depths be stirred:
Spain, watching from her Moro's keep
Her slave-ships traversing the deep,
And Rio, in her strength and pride,
Lifting, along her mountain-side,
Her snowy battlements and towers,
Her lemon-groves and tropic bowers,
With bitter hate and sullen fear
Its freedom-giving voice shall hear;
And where my country's flag is flowing,
On breezes from Mount Vernon blowing,
Above the Nation's council halls,
Where Freedom's praise is loud and long,
While close beneath the outward walls
The driver plies his reeking thong;
The hammer of the man-thief falls,

O'er hypocritic cheek and brow
The crimson flush of shame shall glow:
And all who for their native land
Are pledging life and heart and hand,
Worn watchers o'er her changing weal,
Who for her tarnished honor feel,
Through cottage door and council-hall
Shall thunder an awakening call.
The pen along its page shall burn
With all intolerable scorn;
An eloquent rebuke shall go
On all the winds that Southward blow;
From priestly lips, now sealed and dumb,
Warning and dread appeal shall come,
Like those which Israel heard from him,
The Prophet of the Cherubim;
Or those which sad Esaias hurled
Against a sin-accursed world!
Its wizard leaves the Press shall fling
Unceasing from its iron wing,
With characters inscribed thereon,
  As fearful in the despot's hall
As to the pomp of Babylon
  The fire-sign on the palace wall!

And, from her dark iniquities,
Methinks I see my country rise:
Not challenging the nations round
  To note her tardy justice done;
Her captives from their chains unbound,
  Her prisons opening to the sun:
But tearfully her arms extending
Over the poor and unoffending;
  Her regal emblem now no longer

A bird of prey, with talons reeking,
Above the dying captive shrieking,
But, spreading out her ample wing,
A broad, impartial covering,
The weaker sheltered by the stronger!
Oh, then to Faith's anointed eyes
The promised token shall be given;
And on a [illegible] ce,
Atoning for [illegible] ars,
And wet w[illegible] tears,
The fire [illegible] Heaven!

1839.

MASSACH[illegible] O VIRGINIA.

Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to George Latimer, the alleged fugitive slave, who was seized in Boston without warrant at the request of James B. Grey, of Norfolk, claiming to be his master. The case caused great excitement North and South, and led to the presentation of a petition to Congress, signed by more than fifty thousand citizens of Massachusetts, calling for such laws and proposed amendments to the Constitution as should relieve the Commonwealth from all further participation in the crime of oppression. George Latimer himself was finally given free papers for the sum of four hundred dollars.

THE blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon its Southern way,
Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachusetts Bay:
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle bugle's peal,
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our high-
ways go;
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow;
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their
errands far,
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are
spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words
and high,
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt
along our sky;
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest
labor here,
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe
in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St.
George's bank;
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white
and dank;
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout
are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of
Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their
icy forms,
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling
with the storms;
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the
waves they roam,
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against
their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot the day
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's steel array?
How side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts men
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Cornw

Forgets she how , in answer to the call
Of her old Ho sses, spoke out from Faneuil
When, echoing y's cry, came pulsing on each
Of Northern win ling sounds of "Liberty or Death!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have proved
False to their fathers' memory, false to the faith they loved;
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great charter spurn,
Must we of Massachusetts from truth and duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful hell;
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhound's yell;
We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow;
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves slow and calm and cool,
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool!

All that a sister State should do, all that a free State may,
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day;
But that one dark loathsome burden ye must stagger with alone,
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden God's free air
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's wild despair;
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that writes upon your plains
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,
By watching round the shambles where human flesh is sold;
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value, when
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the slaver's den!

The voice of free, broad Middlesex, of thousands as of one,
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington;
From Norfolk's ancient villages, from Plymouth's rocky bound
To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her round;

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Nashua flows,
To where Wachuset's wintry blasts the mountain larches stir,
Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry of "God save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea spray;
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragansett Bay!
Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the thrill,
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and daughters,
Deep calling unto deep aloud, the sound of many waters!
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall stand?
No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;
You've spurned our kindest counsels; you've hunted for our lives;
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and

We wage no war, we [illegible] rm, we fling no torch within
The fire-damps of the [illegible] g mine beneath your soil of sin;
We leave ye with your [illegible] nen, to wrestle, while ye can,
With the strong upward tendencies and godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given
For freedom and humanity is registered in heaven;
No slave-hunt in our borders, — no pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State, — no slave upon our land!

1843.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

In a publication of L. F. Tasistro — *Random Shots and Southern Breezes* — is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as "A GOOD CHRISTIAN!" It was not uncommon to see advertise-

ments of slaves for sale, in which they were described as pious or as members of the church. In one advertisement a slave was noted as "a Baptist preacher."

A CHRISTIAN! going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image? for his grace,
Which that poor victim of the market-place
Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?
Hast Thou not said that whatsoe'er is done
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one
Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand;
Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,
Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!
Wet with her blood your whips, o'ertask her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail!

A heathen hand might deal
Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years:
But her low, broken prayer and nightly tears,
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,
Thou prudent teacher, tell the toiling slave
No dangerous tale of Him who came to save
The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray
Of God's free Gospel from her simple heart,
And to her darkened mind alone impart
One stern command, Obey![3]

So shalt thou deftly raise
The market price of human flesh; and while
On thee, their par[illegible]st, the planters smile,
Thy church s[illegible]

Grave, revere[illegible]all tell
From Northern pu[illegible]hy work was blest,
While in that vile[illegible]lom first and best,
Thy poor disci[illegible]

Oh, shame! the Moslem thrall,
Who, with his master, to the Prophet kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kebla feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn
The dark slave-dungeons open, and hath borne
Their inmates into day:

But our poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes;
Its rites will only swell his market price,
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to Thee, the bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell;
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,
And coffle's weary chain;

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
How long, O God, how long?

1843.

THE SENTENCE OF JOHN L. BROWN.

John L. Brown, a young white man of South Carolina, was in 1844 sentenced to death for aiding a young slave woman, whom he loved and had married, to escape from slavery. In pronouncing the sentence Judge O'Neale addressed to the prisoner these words of appalling blasphemy:

You are to die! To die an ignominious death — the death on the gallows! This announcement is, to you, I know, most appalling. Little did you dream of it when you stepped into the bar with an air as if you thought it was a fine frolic. But the consequences of crime are just such as you are realizing. Punishment often comes when it is least expected. Let me entreat you to take the present opportunity to commence the work of reformation. Time will be furnished you to prepare for the great change just before you. Of your past life I know nothing, except what your trial furnished. That told me that the crime for which you are to suffer was the consequence of a want of attention on your part to the duties of life. The strange woman snared you. She flattered you with her words, and you became her victim. The consequence was, that, led on by a desire to serve her, you committed the offence of aiding a slave to run away and depart from her master's service; and now, for it you are to die!

You are a young man, and I fear you have been dissolute; and

if so, these kindred vices have contributed a full measure to your ruin. Reflect on your past life, and make the only useful devotion of the remnant of your days in preparing for death.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth is the language of inspired wisdom. This comes home appropriately to you in this trying moment.

You are young; quite too young to be where you are. If you had remembered your Creator in your past days, you would not now be in a felon's place, to receive a felon's judgment. Still, it is not too late to remem[illegible]or. He calls early, and He calls late. He stretche[illegible]of a Father's love to you — to the vilest sinner — a[illegible]e unto me and be saved." You can perhaps read. [illegible] the Scriptures; read them without note, and witho[illegible]nd pray to God for His assistance; and you will b[illegible] when you pass from prison to execution, as a poor sl[illegible] similar circumstances: "I am glad my Friday has [illegible]ou cannot read the Scriptures, the ministers of o[illegible]n will be ready to aid you. They will read and explain to yo[illegible]il you will be able to understand; and understanding, to call upon the only One who can help you and save you — Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. To Him I commend you. And through Him may you have that opening of the Day-Spring of mercy from on high, which shall bless you here, and crown you as a saint in an everlasting world, forever and ever.

The sentence of the law is that you be taken hence to the place from whence you came last; thence to the jail of Fairfield District; and that there you be closely and securely confined until Friday, the 26th day of April next; on which day, between the hours of ten in the forenoon and two in the afternoon, you will be taken to the place of public execution, and there be hanged by the neck till your body be dead. And may God have mercy on your soul!

No event in the history of the anti-slavery struggle so stirred the two hemispheres as did this dreadful sentence. A cry of horror was heard from Europe. In the British House of Lords Brougham and Denman spoke of it with mingled pathos and indignation. Thirteen hundred clergymen and church officers in Great Britain addressed a memorial to the churches of South Carolina against the atrocity. Indeed, so strong was the pressure

of the sentiment of abhorrence and disgust that South Carolina yielded to it, and the sentence was commuted to scourging and banishment.

Ho! thou who seekest late and long
  A License from the Holy Book
For brutal lust and fiendish wrong,
  Man of the Pulpit, look!
Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,
  This ripe fruit of thy teaching see;
And tell us how to heaven will rise
  The incense of this sacrifice —
This blossom of the gallows tree!

Search out for slavery's hour of need
  Some fitting text of sacred writ;
Give heaven the credit of a deed
  Which shames the nether pit.
Kneel, smooth blasphemer, unto Him
  Whose truth is on thy lips a lie;
Ask that His bright winged cherubim
  May bend around that scaffold grim
To guard and bless and sanctify.

O champion of the people's cause!
  Suspend thy loud and vain rebuke
Of foreign wrong and Old World's laws,
  Man of the Senate, look!
Was this the promise of the free,
  The great hope of our early time,
That slavery's poison vine should be
  Upborne by Freedom's prayer-nursed tree
O'erclustered with such fruits of crime?

Send out the summons East and West,
And South and North, let all be there
Where he who pitied the oppressed
Swings out in sun and air.
Let not a Democratic hand
The grisly hangman's task refuse;
There let each loyal patriot stand,
Awaiting s[illegible] command,
To twist the [illegible] draw the noose!

But vain is iro[illegible] meet
Its cold re[illegible] deeds which start
In fiery and i[illegible] beat
The pulses [illegible] art.
Leave studied w[illegible] guarded phrase
For those who think but do not feel;
Let men speak out in words which raise
Where'er they fall, an answering blaze
Like flints which strike the fire from steel.

Still let a mousing priesthood ply
Their garbled text and gloss of sin,
And make the lettered scroll deny
Its living soul within:
Still let the place-fed, titled knave
Plead robbery's right with purchased lips,
And tell us that our fathers gave
For Freedom's pedestal, a slave,
The frieze and moulding, chains and whips!

But ye who own that Higher Law
Whose tablets in the heart are set,
Speak out in words of power and awe
That God is living yet!

Breathe forth once more those tones sublime
  Which thrilled the burdened prophet's lyre,
And in a dark and evil time
  Smote down on Israel's fast of crime
And gift of blood, a rain of fire!

Oh, not for us the graceful lay
  To whose soft measures lightly move
The footsteps of the faun and fay,
  O'er-locked by mirth and love!
But such a stern and startling strain
  As Britain's hunted bards flung down
From Snowden to the conquered plain,
  Where harshly clanked the Saxon chain,
On trampled field and smoking town.

By Liberty's dishonored name,
  By man's lost hope and failing trust,
By words and deeds which bow with shame
  Our foreheads to the dust,
By the exulting strangers' sneer,
  Borne to us from the Old World's thrones,
And by their victims' grief who hear,
  In sunless mines and dungeons drear,
How Freedom's land her faith disowns!

Speak out in acts. The time for words
  Has passed, and deeds suffice alone;
In vain against the clang of swords
  The wailing pipe is blown!
Act, act in God's name, while ye may!
  Smite from the church her leprous limb!
Throw open to the light of day

The bondman's cell, and break away
The chains the state has bound on him!

Ho! every true and living soul,
To Freedom's perilled altar bear
The Freeman's and the Christian's whole
Tongue, pen, and vote, and prayer!
One last, for the right —
One sl ruggle to be free!
To do is · our fight
Is wag 's approving sight;
The smile ictory.

1844.

TI AS.

VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

The five poems immediately following indicate the intense feeling of the friends of freedom in view of the annexation of Texas, with its vast territory sufficient, as was boasted, for six new slave States.

Up the hillside, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen;
Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion growling low,
Like a night-storm rising slow,
Like the tread of unseen foe;

It is coming, it is nigh!
Stand your homes and altars by;
On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires;
On the gray hills of your sires
Fling to heaven your signal-fires.

From Wachuset, lone and bleak,
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,
Let the flame-tongued heralds speak.

Oh, for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow!

Freedom's soil hath only place
For a free and fearless race,
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party, perish clan;
Strike together while ye can,
Like the arm of one strong man.

Like that angel's voice sublime,
Heard above a world of crime,
Crying of the end of time;

With one heart and with one mouth,
Let the North unto the South
Speak the word befitting both:

"Make our Union-boı
Weak as tow in Fre
Link by link shall s

"Vainly shall your sa
Bind the starry clus
Shattered over heav

"Give us bright thoug
Rather than eternal
Clouding o'er the fu

"Take your land of su
Only leave to Freedc
For her plough, and

"Take your slavery-bl
Leave us but our owı
Blowing on our thous

"Boldly, or with treac

"Work the ruin, if ye will;
Pluck upon your heads an ill
Which shall grow and deepen still.

"With your bondman's right arm bare,
With his heart of black despair,
Stand alone, if stand ye dare!

"Onward with your fell design;
Dig the gulf and draw the line:
Fire beneath your feet the mine:

"Deeply, when the wide abyss
Yawns between your land and this,
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

"By the hearth, and in the bed,
Shaken by a look or tread,
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

"And the curse of unpaid toil,
Downward through your generous soil
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

"Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,
Plenty in our valleys flow; —

"And when vengeance clouds your skies,
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,
As the lost on Paradise!

"We but ask our rocky strand,
Freedom's true and brother band,
Freedom's strong and honest hand;

"Valleys by the slave untrod,
And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,
Blessed of our fathers' God!"

1844.

TO HALL.

Written in 1844, on y "a Massachusetts Freeman" for a meeting in f the citizens of Massachusetts, without distincti posed to the annexation of Texas, and the aggressio arolina, and in favor of decisive action against slavery.

MEN! if manhood still ye claim,
If the Northern pulse can thrill,
Roused by wrong or stung by shame,
Freely, strongly still;
Let the sounds of traffic die:
Shut the mill-gate, leave the stall,
Fling the axe and hammer by;
Throng to Faneuil Hall!

Wrongs which freemen never brooked,
Dangers grim and fierce as they,
Which, like couching lions, looked
On your fathers' way;
These your instant zeal demand,
Shaking with their earthquake-call
Every rood of Pilgrim land,
Ho, to Faneuil Hall!

From your capes and sandy bars,
  From your mountain-ridges cold,
Through whose pines the westering stars
  Stoop their crowns of gold;
Come, and with your footsteps wake
  Echoes from that holy wall;
Once again, for Freedom's sake,
  Rock your fathers' hall!

Up, and tread beneath your feet
  Every cord by party spun:
Let your hearts together beat
  As the heart of one.
Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,
  Let them rise or let them fall:
Freedom asks your common aid, —
  Up, to Faneuil Hall!

Up, and let each voice that speaks
  Ring from thence to Southern plains,
Sharply as the blow which breaks
  Prison-bolts and chains!
Speak as well becomes the free:
  Dreaded more than steel or ball,
Shall your calmest utterance be,
  Heard from Faneuil Hall!

Have they wronged us? Let us then
  Render back nor threats nor prayers;
Have they chained our free-born men?
  Let us unchain theirs!
Up, your banner leads the van,
  Blazoned, "Liberty for all!"

470720

Finish what your sires began!
Up, to Faneuil Hall!

TO MASSACHUSETTS.

What the[illegible]hee blazes
No fiery [illegible]?
From all t[illegible] places,
Give hea[illegible]t of thine!
What thou[illegible]l, unmoving,
The state[illegible] apart,
And comes [illegible] proving
From Mammon's [illegible]wded mart?

Still, let the land be shaken
By a summons of thine own!
By all save truth forsaken,
Stand fast with that alone!
Shrink not from strife unequal!
With the best is always hope;
And ever in the sequel
God holds the right side up!

But when, with thine uniting,
Come voices long and loud,
And far-off hills are writing
Thy fire-words on the cloud;
When from Penobscot's fountains
A deep response is heard,
And across the Western mountains
Rolls back thy rallying word;

Shall thy line of battle falter,
  With its allies just in view?
Oh, by hearth and holy altar,
  My fatherland, be true!
Fling abroad thy scrolls of Freedom!
  Speed them onward far and fast!
Over hill and valley speed them,
  Like the sibyl's on the blast!

Lo! the Empire State is shaking
  The shackles from her hand;
With the rugged North is waking
  The level sunset land!
On they come, the free battalions!
  East and West and North they come,
And the heart-beat of the millions
  Is the beat of Freedom's drum.

"To the tyrant's plot no favor!
  No heed to place-fed knaves!
Bar and bolt the door forever
  Against the land of slaves!"
Hear it, mother Earth, and hear it,
  The heavens above us spread!
The land is roused, — its spirit
  Was sleeping, but not dead!

1844.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

God bless New Hampshire! from her granite peaks
Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.

The long-bound vassal of the exulting South
  For very shame her self-forged chain has broken;
Torn the black seal of slavery from her mouth,
  And in the clear tones of her old time spoken!
Oh, all undreamed-of, all unhoped-for changes!
  The tyrant's ally proves his sternest foe;
To all his biddings [illegible] mountain ranges,
  New Hampshire [illegible] an indignant No!
Who is it now desp[illegible]h, faint of heart,
  Look upward to [illegible]thern mountains cold,
  Flouted by Freed[illegible]or-flag unrolled,
And gather streng[illegible] a manlier part!
All is not lost. Th[illegible]f God's blessing
  Encamps with Freedom on the field of fight;
Still to her banner, day by day, are pressing,
  Unlooked-for allies, striking for the right!
Courage, then, Northern hearts! Be firm, be true:
What one brave State hath done, can ye not also do?

1845.

THE PINE-TREE.

Written on hearing that the Anti-Slavery Resolves of Stephen C. Phillips had been rejected by the Whig Convention in Faneuil Hall, in 1846.

LIFT again the stately emblem on the Bay State's rusted shield,
Give to Northern winds the Pine-Tree on our banner's tattered field.
Sons of men who sat in council with their Bibles round the board,

Answering England's royal missive with a firm,
"Thus saith the Lord!"
Rise again for home and freedom! set the battle in array!
What the fathers did of old time we their sons must do to-day.

Tell us not of banks and tariffs, cease your paltry pedler cries;
Shall the good State sink her honor that your gambling stocks may rise?
Would ye barter man for cotton? That your gains may sum up higher,
Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our children through the fire?
Is the dollar only real? God and truth and right a dream?
Weighed against your lying ledgers must our manhood kick the beam?

O my God! for that free spirit, which of old in Boston town
Smote the Province House with terror, struck the crest of Andros down!
For another strong-voiced Adams in the city's streets to cry,
"Up for God and Massachusetts! Set your feet on Mammon's lie!
Perish banks and perish traffic, spin your cotton's latest pound,
But in Heaven's name keep your honor, keep the heart o' the Bay State sound!"

Where 's the man for Massachusetts! Where 's
the voice to speak her free?
Where 's the hand to light up bonfires from her
mountains to the sea?
Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer? Sits she dumb
in her despair?
Has she none to break the silence? Has she none
to do a
O my God! fo orthy to lift up her
rusted s
And to plant a Tree in her banner's
tattered

1846.

TO A SOUT STATESMAN.

John C. Calhoun, who had strongly urged the extension of slave territory by the annexation of Texas, even if it should involve a war with England, was unwilling to promote the acquisition of Oregon, which would enlarge the Northern domain of freedom, and pleaded as an excuse the peril of foreign complications which he had defied when the interests of slavery were involved.

Is this thy voice whose treble notes of fear
Wail in the wind? And dost thou shake to hear,
Actæon-like, the bay of thine own hounds,
Spurning the leash, and leaping o'er their bounds?
Sore-baffled statesman! when thy eager hand,
With game afoot, unslipped the hungry pack,
To hunt down Freedom in her chosen land,
Hadst thou no fear, that, erelong, doubling back,
These dogs of thine might snuff on Slavery's track?
Where 's now the boast, which even thy guarded
tongue,
Cold, calm, and proud, in the teeth o' the Senate
flung,

O'er the fulfilment of thy baleful plan,
Like Satan's triumph at the fall of man?
How stood'st thou then, thy feet on Freedom planting,
And pointing to the lurid heaven afar,
Whence all could see, through the south windows slanting,
Crimson as blood, the beams of that Lone Star!
The Fates are just; they give us but our own;
Nemesis ripens what our hands have sown.
There is an Eastern story, not unknown,
Doubtless, to thee, of one whose magic skill
Called demons up his water-jars to fill;
Deftly and silently, they did his will,
But, when the task was done, kept pouring still.
In vain with spell and charm the wizard wrought,
Faster and faster were the buckets brought,
Higher and higher rose the flood around,
Till the fiends clapped their hands above their master drowned!
So, Carolinian, it may prove with thee,
For God still overrules man's schemes, and takes
Craftiness in its self-set snare, and makes
The wrath of man to praise Him. It may be,
That the roused spirits of Democracy
May leave to freer States the same wide door
Through which thy slave-cursed Texas entered in,
From out the blood and fire, the wrong and sin,
Of the stormed city and the ghastly plain,
Beat by hot hail, and wet with bloody rain,
The myriad-handed pioneer may pour,
And the wild West with the roused North combine
And heave the engineer of evil with his mine.

1846.

AT WASHINGTON.

Suggested by a visit to the city of Washington, in the 12th month of 1845.

WITH a cold and wintry noon-light
On its roofs and steeples shed,
Shadows we[illegible] sunlight
From the[illegible] head,
Broadly, vagu[illegible] me, lies the half-built
town o[illegible]

Through thi[illegible], restless ever,
Ebbs and [illegible] tide,
Wave on wave [illegible] ver;
Wealth and fashion [illegible] e by side;
Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the same quick
current glide.

Underneath yon dome, whose coping
Springs above them, vast and tall,
Grave men in the dust are groping
For the largess, base and small,
Which the hand of Power is scattering, crumbs
which from its table fall.

Base of heart! They vilely barter
Honor's wealth for party's place;
Step by step on Freedom's charter
Leaving footprints of disgrace;
For to-day's poor pittance turning from the great
hope of their race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing
Glory round the dancer's hair,
Gold-tressed, like an angel's, flowing
Backward on the sunset air;
And the low quick pulse of music beats its measure sweet and rare:

There to-night shall woman's glances,
Star-like, welcome give to them;
Fawning fools with shy advances
Seek to touch their garments' hem,
With the tongue of flattery glozing deeds which God and Truth condemn.

From this glittering lie my vision
Takes a broader, sadder range,
Full before me have arisen
Other pictures dark and strange;
From the parlor to the prison must the scene and witness change.

Hark! the heavy gate is swinging
On its hinges, harsh and slow;
One pale prison lamp is flinging
On a fearful group below
Such a light as leaves to terror whatsoe'er it does not show.

Pitying God! Is that a woman
On whose wrist the shackles clash?
Is that shriek she utters human,
Underneath the stinging lash?
Are they men whose eyes of madness from that sad procession flash?

Still the dance goes gayly onward!
What is it to Wealth and Pride
That without the stars are looking
On a scene which earth should hide?
That the slave-ship lies in waiting, rocking on Potomac's tide!

Vainly to tha[illegible]tion
Which, up[illegible]ll,
Winds above[illegible]tion,
With a re[illegible]rawl,
Shall the pleadi[illegible]orrow, shall the slave in anguis[illegible]

Vainly to the child [illegible]ion,
Giving to ideal woe [illegible]
Graceful luxury of compassion,
Shall the stricken mourner go;
Hateful seems the earnest sorrow, beautiful the hollow show!

Nay, my words are all too sweeping:
In this crowded human mart,
Feeling is not dead, but sleeping;
Man's strong will and woman's heart,
In the coming strife for Freedom, yet shall bear their generous part.

And from yonder sunny valleys,
Southward in the distance lost,
Freedom yet shall summon allies
Worthier than the North can boast,
With the Evil by their hearth-stones grappling at severer cost.

Now, the soul alone is willing:
Faint the heart and weak the knee;
And as yet no lip is thrilling
With the mighty words, "Be Free!"
Tarrieth long the land's Good Angel, but his advent is to be!

Meanwhile, turning from the revel
To the prison-cell my sight,
For intenser hate of evil,
For a keener sense of right,
Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee, City of the Slaves, to-night!

"To thy duty now and ever!
Dream no more of rest or stay:
Give to Freedom's great endeavor
All thou art and hast to-day:"
Thus, above the city's murmur, saith a Voice, or seems to say.

Ye with heart and vision gifted
To discern and love the right,
Whose worn faces have been lifted
To the slowly-growing light,
Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted slowly back the murk of night!

Ye who through long years of trial
Still have held your purpose fast,
While a lengthening shade the dial
From the westering sunshine cast,
And of hope each hour's denial seemed an echo of the last!

With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve in vain
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal cravens aim
To make God's falsehood, His holiest work thy
When, all bloo from the torture the iron was
How laughed th l the baffled fools to scorn!

They change to wr luty which God hath written out
On the great heart of humanity, too legible for doubt!
They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from footsole up to crown,
Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and renown!

Why, that brand is highest honor! than its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;
And thy unborn generations, as they tread our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's branded hand!

As the Templar home was welcome, bearing back from Syrian wars

The scars of Arab lances and of Paynim scimitars,
The pallor of the prison, and the shackle's crimson span,
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and man.

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,
Thou for His living presence in the bound and bleeding slave;
He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,
Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of God!

For, while the jurist, sitting with the slave-whip o'er him swung,
From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung,
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's blood for wine;

While the multitude in blindness to a far-off Saviour knelt,
And spurned, the while, the temple where a present Saviour dwelt;
Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the prison shadows dim,
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto Him!

In thy long and long night-watches, sky above and wave below,
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than the babbling schoolmen know;
God's stars and silence taught thee, as His angels only can,
That the one sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heave

That he who [illegible] on the scrolls of law and e
In the dept[illegible] at goodness may find mercy
But woe to [illegible] the soul with chain and rod,
And herds with lower nat[illegible]res the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right-hand, bold ploughman of the wave!
Its branded palm shall prophesy, "Salvation to the Slave!"
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern air;
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God, look there!

Take it henceforth for your standard, like the
Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand
be seen before!

And the masters of the slave-land shall tremble at
that sign,
When it points its finger Southward along the
Puritan line:
Can the craft of State avail them? Can a Christless church withstand,
In the van of Freedom's onset, the coming of that
hand?

1846.

THE FREED ISLANDS.

Written for the anniversary celebration of the first of August, at Milton, 1846.

A FEW brief years have passed away
Since Britain drove her million slaves
Beneath the tropic's fiery ray:
God willed their freedom; and to-day
Life blooms above those island graves!

He spoke! across the Carib Sea,
We heard the clash of breaking chains,
And felt the heart-throb of the free,
The first, strong pulse of liberty
Which thrilled along the bondman's veins.

Though long delayed, and far, and slow,
The Briton's triumph shall be ours:

Wears slavery here a prouder brow
Than that which twelve short years ago
  Scowled darkly from her island bowers?

Mighty alike for good or ill
  With mother-land, we fully share
The Saxon strength, the nerve of steel,
The tireless ene[illegible],
  The power to [illegible]ide to dare.

What she has d[illegible] not do?
  Our hour and [illegible]oth at hand;
The blast which [illegible] angel blew
O'er her green i[illegible]oes through
  Each valley of ou[illegible]t land.

Hear it, old Europe! we have sworn
  The death of slavery. When it falls,
Look to your vassals in their turn,
Your poor dumb millions, crushed and worn,
  Your prisons and your palace walls!

O kingly mockers! scoffing show
  What deeds in Freedom's name we do;
Yet know that every taunt ye throw
Across the waters, goads our slow
  Progression towards the right and true.

Not always shall your outraged poor,
  Appalled by democratic crime,
Grind as their fathers ground before;
The hour which sees our prison door
  Swing wide shall be their triumph time.

On then, my brothers! every blow
  Ye deal is felt the wide earth through;
Whatever here uplifts the low
Or humbles Freedom's hateful foe,
  Blesses the Old World through the New.

Take heart! The promised hour draws near;
  I hear the downward beat of wings,
And Freedom's trumpet sounding clear:
"Joy to the people! woe and fear
  To new-world tyrants, old-world kings!"

A LETTER.

Supposed to be written by the chairman of the "Central Clique" at Concord, N. H., to the Hon. M. N., Jr., at Washington, giving the result of the election.

The following verses were published in the *Boston Chronotype* in 1846. They refer to the contest in New Hampshire, which resulted in the defeat of the pro-slavery Democracy, and in the election of John P. Hale to the United States Senate. Although their authorship was not acknowledged, it was strongly suspected. They furnish a specimen of the way, on the whole rather good-natured, in which the liberty-lovers of half a century ago answered the social and political outlawry and mob violence to which they were subjected.

'T IS over, Moses! All is lost!
  I hear the bells a-ringing;
Of Pharaoh and his Red Sea host
  I hear the Free-Wills singing.[4]
We 're routed, Moses, horse and foot,
  If there be truth in figures,
With Federal Whigs in hot pursuit,
  And Hale, and all the "niggers."

Alack! alas! this month or more
We've felt a sad foreboding;
Our very dreams the burden bore
Of central cliques exploding;
Before our eyes a furnace shone,
Where heads of dough were roasting,
And one we took to be your own
The trai sting!

Our Belk d with awe
The Co ying;
At Pittsfi tt[6] saw
The ghos ying;
And Carr ad to see,
With black- s a-darting;
And Black Snout 100 Ossipee,
New-glossed with Day and Martin.

We thought the "Old Man of the Notch"
His face seemed changing wholly —
His lips seemed thick; his nose seemed flat;
His misty hair looked woolly;
And Coös teamsters, shrieking, fled
From the metamorphosed figure.
"Look there!" they said, "the Old Stone Head
Himself is turning nigger!"

The schoolhouse,[7] out of Canaan hauled
Seemed turning on its track again,
And like a great swamp-turtle crawled
To Canaan village back again,
Shook off the mud and settled flat
Upon its underpinning;

A nigger on its ridge-pole sat,
  From ear to ear a-grinning.

Gray H——d heard o' nights the sound
  Of rail-cars onward faring;
Right over Democratic ground
  The iron horse came tearing.
A flag waved o'er that spectral train,
  As high as Pittsfield steeple;
Its emblem was a broken chain;
  Its motto: "To the people!"

I dreamed that Charley took his bed,
  With Hale for his physician;
His daily dose an old "unread
  And unreferred" petition.[8]
There Hayes and Tuck as nurses sat,
  As near as near could be, man;
They leeched him with the "Democrat;"
  They blistered with the "Freeman."

Ah! grisly portents! What avail
  Your terrors of forewarning?
We wake to find the nightmare Hale
  Astride our breasts at morning!
From Portsmouth lights to Indian stream
  Our foes their throats are trying;
The very factory-spindles seem
  To mock us while they 're flying.

The hills have bonfires; in our streets
  Flags flout us in our faces;
The newsboys, peddling off their sheets,
  Are hoarse with our disgraces.

— slavery screwed thei
With tattered lace and
Was it for such a sad rev
Our mobs became peace
And kept their tar and w
For Englishmen and Q

For this did shifty Atherto
Make gag rules for the (
Wiped we for this our feet
Petitions in our State H
Plied we for this our axe o
No stubborn traitor spari
Who scoffed at our opinion
And took to homespun w

Ah, Moses! hard it is to sc
These crooked providence
Deducing from the wisest pl
The saddest consequences!
Strange that, in trampling a
The nigger man's

Supplying freedom with the name
  And slavery with the practice!
Our smooth words fed the people's mouth,
  Their ears our party rattle;
We kept them headed to the South,
  As drovers do their cattle.

But now our game of politics
  The world at large is learning;
And men grown gray in all our tricks
  State's evidence are turning.
Votes and preambles subtly spun
  They cram with meanings louder,
And load the Democratic gun
  With abolition powder.

The ides of June! Woe worth the day
  When, turning all things over,
The traitor Hale shall make his hay
  From Democratic clover!
Who then shall take him in the law,
  Who punish crime so flagrant?
Whose hand shall serve, whose pen shall draw,
  A writ against that "vagrant"?

Alas! no hope is left us here,
  And one can only pine for
The envied place of overseer
  Of slaves in Carolina!
Pray, Moses, give Calhoun the wink,
  And see what pay he 's giving!
We 've practised long enough, we think,
  To know the art of driving.

wrong. If they should ever be in Philadelphia and needed hospitality or aid, let them call on him.

I.

Friend of the Slave, and yet the friend of all;
Lover of peace, yet ever foremost when
The need of battling Freedom called for men
To plant the banner on the outer wall;
Gentle and kin[illegible]ness
Melted to more[illegible]tenderness,
Yet firm and s[illegible]duty's post
Fronting the w[illegible]doned host,
Like some gra[illegible]hich the waves are
toned!
Knowing his de[illegible]n questioned not
The faith of o[illegible]lk and word were
right;
Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field wrought,
And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught
A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white:
Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own
Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence alone.

II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man!
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still;
And, while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,

His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply doing good.
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know its worth,
And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth.

6th, 6th month, 1846.

SONG OF SLAVES IN THE DESERT.

"*Sebah, Oasis of Fezzan*, 10*th March*, 1846. — This evening the female slaves were unusually excited in singing, and I had the curiosity to ask my negro servant, Said, what they were singing about. As many of them were natives of his own country, he had no difficulty in translating the Mandara or Bornou language. I had often asked the Moors to translate their songs for me, but got no satisfactory account from them. Said at first said, 'Oh, they sing of *Rubee*' (God). 'What do you mean?' I replied, impatiently. 'Oh, don't you know?' he continued, 'they asked God to give them their *Atka?*' (certificate of freedom). I inquired, 'Is that all?' Said: 'No; they say, "Where are we going? The world is large. *O God! Where are we going? O God!*"' I inquired, 'What else?' Said: 'They remember their country, Bornou, and say, "*Bornou was a pleasant country, full of all good things; but this is a bad country, and we are miserable!*"' 'Do they say anything else?' Said: 'No; they repeat these words over and over again, and add, "O God! give us our *Atka, and let us return again to our dear home.*"'

"I am not surprised I got little satisfaction when I asked the Moors about the songs of their slaves. Who will say that the above words are not a very appropriate song? What could have been more congenially adapted to their then woful condition? It is not to be wondered at that these poor bondwomen cheer up their hearts, in their long, lonely, and painful wanderings over the desert, with words and sentiments like these; but I have often observed that their fatigue and sufferings were too great for them to strike up this melancholy dirge, and many days their plaintive strains never broke over the silence of the desert." — *Richardson's Journal in Africa.*

WHERE are we going? where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Lord of peoples, lord of lands,
Look across these shining sands,
Through the furnace of the noon,
Through the white light of the moon.
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing!
Speak and tell us where we are going,
Where a [illegible] ubee?

Bornou lar [illegible] good,
Wells of w [illegible] ood,
Dourra fie [illegible] of bean,
And the pe [illegible] d green:
Bornou lar [illegible] ger,
Here we thr [illegible] e hunger,
Here the Moor-n [illegible] s in anger:
Where are we going, Rubee?

When we went from Bornou land,
We were like the leaves and sand,
We were many, we are few;
Life has one, and death has two:
Whitened bones our path are showing,
Thou All-seeing, thou All-knowing!
Hear us, tell us, where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Moons of marches from our eyes
Bornou land behind us lies;
Stranger round us day by day
Bends the desert circle gray;
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,
Hot the winds above them blowing, —

Lord of all things! where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

We are weak, but Thou art strong;
Short our lives, but Thine is long;
We are blind, but Thou hast eyes;
We are fools, but Thou art wise!
Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing
Through the strange world round us growing,
Hear us, tell us where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

1847.

TO DELAWARE.

Written during the discussion in the Legislature of that State, in the winter of 1846–47, of a bill for the abolition of slavery.

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the East,
To the strong tillers of a rugged home,
With spray-wet locks to Northern winds released,
And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean's foam;
And to the young nymphs of the golden West,
Whose harvest mantles, fringed with prairie bloom,
Trail in the sunset, — O redeemed and blest,
To the warm welcome of thy sisters come!
Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-white bay
Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her plains,
And the great lakes, where echo, free alway,
Moaned never shoreward with the clank of chains,
Shall weave new sun-bows in their tossing spray,
And all their waves keep grateful holiday.

And, smiling on thee through her mountain rains,
  Vermont shall bless thee; and the granite peaks,
And vast Katahdin o'er his woods, shall wear
Their snow-crowns brighter in the cold, keen air;
  And Massachusetts, with her rugged cheeks
O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn to thee,
  When, at thy bidding, the electric wire
  Shall trembl[illegible] with its words of fire;
Glory and prai[illegible] nother State is free!

1847.

[illegible]WN.

Dr. Thacher, surg[illegible] a regiment, in his description of the siege of York[illegible] he labor on the Virginia plantations is performe[illegible] species of the human race cruelly wrested from the[illegible] ntry, and doomed to perpetual bondage, while their master[illegible] are manfully contending for freedom and the natural rights of man. Such is the inconsistency of human nature." Eighteen hundred slaves were found at Yorktown, after its surrender, and restored to their masters. Well was it said by Dr. Barnes, in his late work on Slavery: "No slave was any nearer his freedom after the surrender of Yorktown than when Patrick Henry first taught the notes of liberty to echo among the hills and vales of Virginia."

From Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
Who bends his keen, approving glance,
Where down the gorgeous line of France
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,

Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel;
October's clear and noonday sun
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,
And down night's double blackness fell,
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;
While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,
The conquered hosts of England go:
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless:
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain wood
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with fear;
The New World's chain lies broken here!

But who are they, who, cowering, wait
Within the shattered fortress gate?
Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,
Classed with the battle's common spoil,
With household stuffs, and fowl, and swine,
With Indian weed and planters' wine,
With stolen beeves, and foraged corn,—
Are they not men, Virginian born?

Oh, veil your faces, young and brave!
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave!
Sons of the Northland, ye who set
Stout hearts against the bayonet,
And pressed with steady footfall near
The moated battery's blazing tier,
Turn your scarred faces from the sight,
Let shame [illegible] ie right!

Lo! fours[illegible] passed; and where
The Gallic [illegible] he air,
And, throu[illegible] teries, side by side,
To victory [illegible] ts allied,
And brave [illegible] pale with pain,
The arms the[illegible] ift again,
As abject as in that ol[illegible] y
The slave still toils his life away.

Oh, fields still green and fresh in story,
Old days of pride, old names of glory,
Old marvels of the tongue and pen,
Old thoughts which stirred the hearts of men,
Ye spared the wrong; and over all
Behold the avenging shadow fall!
Your world-wide honor stained with shame, —
Your freedom's self a hollow name!

Where 's now the flag of that old war?
Where flows its stripe? Where burns its star?
Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,
Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,
Where Mexic Freedom, young and weak,
Fleshes the Northern eagle's beak;

Symbol of terror and despair,
Of chains and slaves, go seek it there!

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks!
Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's banks!
Brave sport to see the fledgling born
Of Freedom by its parent torn!
Safe now is Speilberg's dungeon cell,
Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell:
With Slavery's flag o'er both unrolled,
What of the New World fears the Old?

1847.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

O MOTHER EARTH! upon thy lap
  Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
  Thy grassy mantle weaving,
Fold softly in thy long embrace
  That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
  Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
  And serpent hiss of scorning;
Nor let the storms of yesterday
  Disturb his quiet morning.
Breathe over him forgetfulness
  Of all save deeds of kindness,
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
  Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye
  He heard Potomac's flowing,
And, through his tall ancestral trees,
  Saw autumn's sunset glowing,
He sleeps, still looking to the west,
  Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if he still would see the sun
  Sink down [illegible] meadow.

Bard, Sage, [illegible] in himself
  All moods [illegible] rasting, —
The tenderes[illegible] an woe,
  The scorn [illegible] blasting;
The pathos [illegible] al eyes
  Unwilling tear[illegible] ummon,
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
  Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,
  From lips of life-long sadness;
Clear picturings of majestic thought
  Upon a ground of madness;
And over all Romance and Song
  A classic beauty throwing,
And laurelled Clio at his side
  Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him: each in turn
  Beheld its schemes disjointed,
As right or left his fatal glance
  And spectral finger pointed.
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down
  With trenchant wit unsparing,

And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
  The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign
  A love he never cherished,
Beyond Virginia's border line
  His patriotism perished.
While others hailed in distant skies
  Our eagle's dusky pinion,
He only saw the mountain bird
  Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune strange,
  Racked nerve, and brain all burning,
His loving faith in Mother-land
  Knew never shade of turning;
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's tide,
  Whatever sky was o'er him,
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,
  Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal
  No false and vain pretences,
Nor paid a lying priest to seek
  For Scriptural defences.
His harshest words of proud rebuke,
  His bitterest taunt and scorning,
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow
  That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves; yet kept the while
  His reverence for the Human;

Lay down for his last slee
And at his side, a slave no m
His brother-man stood wee
His latest thought, his latest
To Freedom's duty giving,
With failing tongue and tren
The dying blest the living.

Oh, never bore his ancient St
A truer son or braver!
None trampling with a calmer
On foreign hate or favor.
He knew her faults, yet never
His proud and manly feelin
To poor excuses of the wrong
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer e
The plague-spot o'er her spr
None heard more sure the step
Along her future treading.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,
  From Vernon's weeping willow,
And from the grassy pall which hides
  The Sage of Monticello,
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone
  Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,
Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves
  A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields
  Are sadder warnings spoken,
From quenched hearths, where thy exiled sons
  Their household gods have broken.
The curse is on thee, — wolves for men,
  And briers for corn-sheaves giving!
Oh, more than all thy dead renown
  Were now one hero living!

1847.

THE LOST STATESMAN.

Written on hearing of the death of Silas Wright of New York.

As they who, tossing midst the storm at night,
  While turning shoreward, where a beacon shone,
  Meet the walled blackness of the heaven alone,
So, on the turbulent waves of party tossed,
In gloom and tempest, men have seen thy light
  Quenched in the darkness. At thy hour of noon,
While life was pleasant to thy undimmed sight,
And, day by day, within thy spirit grew
A holier hope than young Ambition knew,

Who now shall rally Freedom's s
Who wear the mantle of the lead
Who stay the march of slav
voice
Hath called thee from thy t
lack
Yet bolder champions, to beat
The wrong which, through his
Him:
Yet firmer hands shall Freedom'
And wave them high across the
Till bound, dumb millions ther
and rejoice.

10th mo., 1847.

THE SLAVES OF MA

Suggested by a daguerreotype taken fr
graving of two negro figures, sent to the
son.

BEAMS of noon, like burning l

Dark, but comely, like the maiden in the ancient
Jewish song:
Scarcely has the toil of task-fields done her graceful beauty wrong.

He, the strong one and the manly, with the vassal's
garb and hue,
Holding still his spirit's birthright, to his higher
nature true;

Hiding deep the strengthening purpose of a freeman in his heart,
As the gregree holds his Fetich from the white
man's gaze apart.

Ever foremost of his comrades, when the driver's
morning horn
Calls away to stifling mill-house, to the fields of
cane and corn:

Fall the keen and burning lashes never on his back
or limb;
Scarce with look or word of censure, turns the
driver unto him.

Yet, his brow is always thoughtful, and his eye is
hard and stern;
Slavery's last and humblest lesson he has never
deigned to learn.

And, at evening, when his comrades dance before
their master's door,
Folding arms and knitting forehead, stands he
silent evermore.

his hold;

Slow decays the forest monarch, clo
fell embrace,
Till the tree is seen no longer, and
its place;

So a base and bestial nature round
manhood twines,
And the spirit wastes beneath it, l
choked with vines.

God is Love, saith the Evangel; an
woe and sin
Is made light and happy only when
ing in.

Ye whose lives are free as sunshine,
soe'er ye roam,
Smiles of welcome, looks of kindn
the world like home;

Can ye know the deeper meaning of a love in Slavery nursed,
Last flower of a lost Eden, blooming in that Soil accursed?

Love of Home, and Love of Woman! — dear to all, but doubly dear
To the heart whose pulses elsewhere measure only hate and fear.

All around the desert circles, underneath a brazen sky,
Only one green spot remaining where the dew is never dry!

From the horror of that desert, from its atmosphere of hell,
Turns the fainting spirit thither, as the diver seeks his bell.

'T is the fervid tropic noontime; faint and low the sea-waves beat;
Hazy rise the inland mountains through the glimmer of the heat, —

Where, through mingled leaves and blossoms, arrowy sunbeams flash and glisten,
Speaks her lover to the slave-girl, and she lifts her head to listen: —

"We shall live as slaves no longer! Freedom's hour is close at hand!
Rocks her bark upon the waters, rests the boat upon the strand!

sunken moon!"

Oh, the blessed hope of freedom! l
and glad surprise,
For an instant throbs her bosom, f
beam her eyes!

But she looks across the valley, where
hut is seen,
Through the snowy bloom of coffee, a
leaves so green.

And she answers, sad and earnest: "
for thee to stay;
God hath heard thy prayer for fre
finger points the way.

"Well I know with what endurance
of me and mine,
Thou hast borne too long a burde
for souls like thine.

"But for me, my mother, lying on her sick-bed all the day,
Lifts her weary head to watch me, coming through the twilight gray.

"Should I leave her sick and helpless, even freedom, shared with thee,
Would be sadder far than bondage, lonely toil, and stripes to me.

"For my heart would die within me, and my brain would soon be wild;
I should hear my mother calling through the twilight for her child!"

Blazing upward from the ocean, shines the sun of morning-time,
Through the coffee-trees in blossom, and green hedges of the lime.

Side by side, amidst the slave-gang, toil the lover and the maid;
Wherefore looks he o'er the waters, leaning forward on his spade?

Sadly looks he, deeply sighs he: 't is the Haytien's sail he sees,
Like a white cloud of the mountains, driven seaward by the breeze!

But his arm a light hand presses, and he hears a low voice call:
Hate of Slavery, hope of Freedom, Love is mightier than all.

1848.

[illegible] as pronounced in [illegible] declares that
of Almighty God, and the blessed Apostles a
the saints in heaven, all those who violate t
and secretly or openly, by deed, word, or co
men, or observe them being made against m
cursed and excommunicated from the company of h
means of the Holy Church."

William Penn, in his admirable political p
Present Interest Considered, alluding to the c
breakers, says: "I am no Roman Catholic, a
other curses; yet I declare I would not for
curse, as every man deservedly doth, who ob
fundamental freedom thereby repealed and co

In Westminster's royal halls
Robed in their pontificals,
England's ancient prelates st
For the people's right and go

Closed around the waiting cr
Dark and still, like winter's c
King and council, lord and k
Squire and yeoman, stood in

"Right of voice in framing laws,
Right of peers to try each cause;
Peasant homestead, mean and small,
Sacred as the monarch's hall, —

"Whoso lays his hand on these,
England's ancient liberties;
Whoso breaks, by word or deed,
England's vow at Runnymede;

"Be he Prince or belted knight,
Whatsoe'er his rank or might,
If the highest, then the worst,
Let him live and die accursed.

"Thou, who to Thy Church hast given
Keys alike, of hell and heaven,
Make our word and witness sure,
Let the curse we speak endure!"

Silent, while that curse was said,
Every bare and listening head
Bowed in reverent awe, and then
All the people said, Amen!

Seven times the bells have tolled,
For the centuries gray and old,
Since that stoled and mitred band
Cursed the tyrants of their land.

Since the priesthood, like a tower,
Stood between the poor and power;
And the wronged and trodden down
Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.

Of its power as law and God.

Fraud exults, while solemn wo
Sanctify his stolen hoards;
Slavery laughs, while ghostly
Bless his manacles and whips.

Not on them the poor rely,
Not to them looks liberty,
Who with fawning falsehood
To the wrong, when clothed v

Oh, to see them meanly cling
Round the master, round the
Sported with, and sold and b
Pitifuller sight is not!

Tell me not that this must be
God's true priest is always fr
Free, the needed truth to spe
Right the wronged, and raise

Nor to paint the new life's bliss
On the sable ground of this;
Golden streets for idle knave,
Sabbath rest for weary slave!

Not for words and works like these,
Priest of God, thy mission is;
But to make earth's desert glad,
In its Eden greenness clad;

And to level manhood bring
Lord and peasant, serf and king;
And the Christ of God to find
In the humblest of thy kind!

Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in;

Watching on the hills of Faith;
Listening what the spirit saith,
Of the dim-seen light afar,
Growing like a nearing star.

God's interpreter art thou,
To the waiting ones below;
'Twixt them and its light midway
Heralding the better day;

Catching gleams of temple spires,
Hearing notes of angel choirs,
Where, as yet unseen of them,
Comes the New Jerusalem!

Like the seer of Patmos gazing,
On the glory downward blazing;
Till upon Earth's grateful sod
Rests the City of our God!

1848.

DEAN.

This poem inflam[illegible] of the anti-slavery party in view of the result [illegible] Martin Van Buren in New York, from the Dem[illegible]al nomination in 1848.

Now, joy and [illegible]ermore!
The dreary [illegible]llnigh passed,
The slumbers [illegible] are o'er,
The Giant stands [illegible]t last!

More than we hoped in that dark time
When, faint with watching, few and worn,
We saw no welcome day-star climb
The cold gray pathway of the morn!

O weary hours! O night of years!
What storms our darkling pathway swept,
Where, beating back our thronging fears,
By Faith alone our march we kept.

How jeered the scoffing crowd behind,
How mocked before the tyrant train,
As, one by one, the true and kind
Fell fainting in our path of pain!

They died, their brave hearts breaking slow,
But, self-forgetful to the last,

In words of cheer and bugle blow
  Their breath upon the darkness passed.

A mighty host, on either hand,
  Stood waiting for the dawn of day
To crush like reeds our feeble band;
  The morn has come, and where are they?

Troop after troop their line forsakes;
  With peace-white banners waving free,
And from our own the glad shout breaks,
  Of Freedom and Fraternity!

Like mist before the growing light,
  The hostile cohorts melt away;
Our frowning foemen of the night
  Are brothers at the dawn of day!

As unto these repentant ones
  We open wide our toil-worn ranks,
Along our line a murmur runs
  Of song, and praise, and grateful thanks.

Sound for the onset! Blast on blast!
  Till Slavery's minions cower and quail;
One charge of fire shall drive them fast
  Like chaff before our Northern gale!

O prisoners in your house of pain,
  Dumb, toiling millions, bound and sold,
Look! stretched o'er Southern vale and plain,
  The Lord's delivering hand behold!

Above the tyrant's pride of power,
His iron gates and guarded wall,
The bolts which shattered Shinar's tower
Hang, smoking, for a fearer fall.

Awake! awake! my Fatherland!
It is thy Northern light that shines;
This stirring [illegible] dom's band
The storm- [illegible] ountain pines.

Wake, dwelle [illegible] lay expires!
And hear, [illegible] sweep your lakes
And fan your [illegible] ing fires,
The signal- [illegible] dom makes!

1843.

THE CRISIS.

Written on learning the terms of the treaty with Mexico.

Across the Stony Mountains, o'er the desert's drouth and sand,
The circles of our empire touch the western ocean's strand;
From slumberous Timpanogos, to Gila, wild and free,
Flowing down from Nuevo-Leon to California's sea;
And from the mountains of the east, to Santa Rosa's shore,
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo! Let thy simple children weep;
Close watch about their holy fire let maids of Pecos keep;

Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines,
And Santa Barbara toll her bells amidst her corn
and vines;
For lo! the pale land-seekers come, with eager eyes
of gain,
Wide scattering, like the bison herds on broad
Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what sound the
winds bring down
Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from cold
Nevada's crown!
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides, with rein of
travel slack,
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves the sunrise at
his back;
By many a lonely river, and gorge of fir and
pine,
On many a wintry hill-top, his nightly camp-fires
shine.

O countrymen and brothers! that land of lake and
plain,
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys fat with
grain;
Of mountains white with winter, looking downward,
cold, serene,
On their feet with spring-vines tangled and lapped
in softest green;
Swift through whose black volcanic gates, o'er
many a sunny vale,
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the bison's dusty
trail!

Great spaces yet untravelled, great lakes whose mystic shores
The Saxon rifle never heard, nor dip of Saxon oars;
Great herds that wander all unwatched, wild steeds that none have tamed,
Strange fish in unknown streams, and birds the Saxon never named;
Deep mines, [illegible] crucibles, where Nature's c[illegible]
Work out the [illegible] er's will; all these ye say are [illegible]

Forever ours! [illegible] ill, on us the burden lies;
God's balance, watch[illegible] angels, is hung across the skies.
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom turn the poised and trembling scale?
Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber Wrong prevail?
Shall the broad land o'er which our flag in starry splendor waves,
Forego through us its freedom, and bear the tread of slaves?

The day is breaking in the East of which the prophets told,
And brightens up the sky of Time the Christian Age of Gold;
Old Might to Right is yielding, battle blade to clerkly pen,
Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs stand up as men;

The isles rejoice together, in a day are nations born,
And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stamboul's Golden Horn!

Is this, O countrymen of mine! a day for us to sow
The soil of new-gained empire with slavery's seeds of woe?
To feed with our fresh life-blood the Old World's cast-off crime,
Dropped, like some monstrous early birth, from the tired lap of Time?
To run anew the evil race the old lost nations ran,
And die like them of unbelief of God, and wrong of man?

Great Heaven! Is this our mission? End in this the prayers and tears,
The toil, the strife, the watchings of our younger, better years?
Still as the Old World rolls in light, shall ours in shadow turn,
A beamless Chaos, cursed of God, through outer darkness borne?
Where the far nations looked for light, a blackness in the air?
Where for words of hope they listened, the long wail of despair?

The Crisis presses on us; face to face with us it stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands!

This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin;
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin;
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down!

By all for whi[illegible] bore their agony and shame;
By all the war[illegible] truth with which the prophets
By the Future w[illegible] us; by all the hopes which cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the Past;
And by the blessed thought of Him who for Earth's freedom died,
O my people! O my brothers! let us choose the righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way;
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay;
To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the vales with grain;
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his train:
The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain call, Praise God, for we are free!

1848.

LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CELEBRATED PUBLISHER.

The lines following were addressed to a magazine publisher, who, alarmed for his Southern circulation, not only dropped the name of Grace Greenwood from his list of contributors, but made an offensive parade of his action, with the view of strengthening his position among slaveholders and conservatives. By some coincidence his portrait was issued about the same time.

A MOONY breadth of virgin face,
  By thought unviolated;
A patient mouth, to take from scorn
  The hook with bank-notes baited!
Its self-complacent sleekness shows
  How thrift goes with the fawner;
An unctuous unconcern of all
  Which nice folks call dishonor!

A pleasant print to peddle out
  In lands of rice and cotton;
The model of that face in dough
  Would make the artist's fortune.
For Fame to thee has come unsought,
  While others vainly woo her,
In proof how mean a thing can make
  A great man of its doer.

To whom shall men thyself compare,
  Since common models fail 'em,
Save classic goose of ancient Rome,
  Or sacred ass of Balaam?
The gabble of that wakeful goose
  Saved Rome from sack of Brennus;

The braying of the prophet's ass
  Betrayed the angel's menace!

So when Guy Fawkes, in petticoats,
  And azure-tinted hose on,
Was twisting from thy love-lorn sheets
  The s[illegible]xplosion —
An ear[illegible]at would have tossed
  The [illegible]er,
Thy in[illegible]rilled land
  And [illegible]gether.

Just thi[illegible] sage
  Sent w[illegible] Dervis,
Of Quattlebu[illegible]le air
  Performing strange drill-service!
Doomed like Assyria's lord of old,
  Who fell before the Jewess,
Or sad Abimelech, to sigh,
  "Alas! a woman slew us!"

Thou saw'st beneath a fair disguise
  The danger darkly lurking,
And maiden bodice dreaded more
  Than warrior's steel-wrought jerkin.
How keen to scent the hidden plot!
  How prompt wert thou to balk it,
With patriot zeal and pedler thrift,
  For country and for pocket!

Thy likeness here is doubtless well,
  But higher honor 's due it;

On auction-block and negro-jail
  Admiring eyes should view it.
Or, hung aloft, it well might grace
  The nation's senate-chamber —
A greedy Northern bottle-fly
  Preserved in Slavery's amber!

1850.

DERNE.

The storming of the city of Derne, in 1805, by General Eaton, at the head of nine Americans, forty Greeks, and a motley array of Turks and Arabs, was one of those feats of hardihood and daring which have in all ages attracted the admiration of the multitude. The higher and holier heroism of Christian self-denial and sacrifice, in the humble walks of private duty, is seldom so well appreciated.

NIGHT on the city of the Moor!
On mosque and tomb, and white-walled shore,
On sea-waves, to whose ceaseless knock
The narrow harbor-gates unlock,
On corsair's galley, carack tall,
And plundered Christian caraval!
The sounds of Moslem life are still;
No mule-bell tinkles down the hill;
Stretched in the broad court of the khan,
The dusty Bornou caravan
Lies heaped in slumber, beast and man;
The Sheik is dreaming in his tent,
His noisy Arab tongue o'erspent;
The kiosk's glimmering lights are gone,
The merchant with his wares withdrawn;
Rough pillowed on some pirate breast,
The dancing-girl has sunk to rest;

And, save where measured footsteps fall
Along the Bashaw's guarded wall,
Or where, like some bad dream, the Jew
Creeps stealthily his quarter through,
Or counts with fear his golden heaps,
The City of the Corsair sleeps!

But where y[illegible] and low
Stands black [illegible] pale star-glow,
Chafed by t[illegible] ash of waves,
There watch [illegible] Christian slaves;
Rough-beard[illegible] e far-off wives
Wear out wit[illegible] lonely lives;
And youth, stin[illegible] rom his eyes
The clear blue of Ne[illegible] gland skies,
A treasured lock of whose soft hair
Now wakes some sorrowing mother's prayer;
Or, worn upon some maiden breast,
Stirs with the loving heart's unrest!

A bitter cup each life must drain,
The groaning earth is cursed with pain,
And, like the scroll the angel bore
The shuddering Hebrew seer before,
O'erwrit alike, without, within,
With all the woes which follow sin;
But, bitterest of the ills beneath
Whose load man totters down to death,
Is that which plucks the regal crown
Of Freedom from his forehead down,
And snatches from his powerless hand
The sceptred sign of self-command,
Effacing with the chain and rod

The image and the seal of God;
Till from his nature, day by day,
The manly virtues fall away,
And leave him naked, blind and mute,
The godlike merging in the brute!

Why mourn the quiet ones who die
Beneath affection's tender eye,
Unto their household and their kin
Like ripened corn-sheaves gathered in?
O weeper, from that tranquil sod,
That holy harvest-home of God,
Turn to the quick and suffering, shed
Thy tears upon the living dead!
Thank God above thy dear ones' graves,
They sleep with Him, they are not slaves.

What dark mass, down the mountain-sides
Swift-pouring, like a stream divides?
A long, loose, straggling caravan,
Camel and horse and armëd man.
The moon's low crescent, glimmering o'er
Its grave of waters to the shore,
Lights up that mountain cavalcade,
And gleams from gun and spear and blade
Near and more near! now o'er them falls
The shadow of the city walls.
Hark to the sentry's challenge, drowned
In the fierce trumpet's charging sound!
The rush of men, the musket's peal,
The short, sharp clang of meeting steel!

Vain, Moslem, vain thy lifeblood poured
So freely on thy foeman's sword!

And herd with common brute
Strives evermore at fearful o
With Nature and the jealous
And dares the dread recoil w
Or soon their right shall vin

'T is done, the hornëd crescer
The star-flag flouts the broke
Joy to the captive husband!
To thy sick heart, O brown-l
In sullen wrath the conquere
Wide open flings your dung
And leaves ye free from cell
The owners of yourselves ag
Dark as his allies desert-bor
Soiled with the battle's stain
With the long marches of h
Through hottest wastes of r
Scorched by the sun and fu
Of the red desert's wind of
With welcome words and g
The victor and deliverer sta

Still lingers on the lips of Fame.
Men speak the praise of him who gave
Deliverance to the Moorman's slave,
Yet dare to brand with shame and crime
The heroes of our land and time, —
The self-forgetful ones, who stake
Home, name, and life for Freedom's sake.
God mend his heart who cannot feel
The impulse of a holy zeal,
And sees not, with his sordid eyes,
The beauty of self-sacrifice!
Though in the sacred place he stands,
Uplifting consecrated hands,
Unworthy are his lips to tell
Of Jesus' martyr-miracle,
Or name aright that dread embrace
Of suffering for a fallen race!

1850.

A SABBATH SCENE.

This poem finds its justification in the readiness with which, even in the North, clergymen urged the prompt execution of the Fugitive Slave Law as a Christian duty, and defended the system of slavery as a Bible institution.

SCARCE had the solemn Sabbath-bell
  Ceased quivering in the steeple,
Scarce had the parson to his desk
  Walked stately through his people,

When down the summer-shaded street
  A wasted female figure,
With dusky brow and naked feet,
  Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the trees,
She heard the sweet hymn swelling:
O pitying Christ! a refuge give
That poor one in Thy dwelling!

Like a scared fawn before the hounds,
Right [illegible] glided,
While cl[illegible] whip in hand,
A lank[illegible] strided.

She raised [illegible] itter cry,
To He[illegible] appealing;
Were ma[illegible] is pulses dead?
Had wom[illegible] feeling?

A score of stout hands rose between
The hunter and the flying:
Age clenched his staff, and maiden eyes
Flashed tearful, yet defying.

"Who dares profane this house and day?"
Cried out the angry pastor.
"Why, bless your soul, the wench 's a slave,
And I 'm her lord and master!

"I 've law and gospel on my side,
And who shall dare refuse me?"
Down came the parson, bowing low,
"My good sir, pray excuse me!

"Of course I know your right divine
To own and work and whip her;
Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglott
Before the wench, and trip her!"

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er
  Its sacred pages stumbling,
Bound hand and foot, a slave once more,
  The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,
  The while his flock addressing,
The Scriptural claims of slavery
  With text on text impressing.

"Although," said he, "on Sabbath day
  All secular occupations
Are deadly sins, we must fulfil
  Our moral obligations:

"And this commends itself as one
  To every conscience tender;
As Paul sent back Onesimus,
  My Christian friends, we send her!"

Shriek rose on shriek, — the Sabbath air
  Her wild cries tore asunder;
I listened, with hushed breath, to hear
  God answering with his thunder!

All still! the very altar's cloth
  Had smothered down her shrieking,
And, dumb, she turned from face to face,
  For human pity seeking!

I saw her dragged along the aisle,
  Her shackles harshly clanking;
I heard the parson, over all,
  The Lord devoutly thanking!

Who turn the good to
And steal the Bible from
To give it to the Devil

"Than garbled text or par
I own a statute higher
And God is true, though
And every man's a lia

Just then I felt the deaco
In wrath my coat-tail s
I heard the priest cry, "
The lawyer mutter, "

I started up, — where no
Slave, master, priest, a
I only heard the supper-b
Instead of clanging ste

But, on the open window
O'er which the white b
The pages of a good old
The wind of summer l

And freely from the cherry-bough
  Above the casement swinging,
With golden bosom to the sun,
  The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old
  The lesson of the Teacher,
So now I heard the written Word
  Interpreted by Nature!

For to my ear methought the breeze
  Bore Freedom's blessed word on;
Thus saith the Lord: Break every yoke,
  Undo the heavy burden!

1850.

IN THE EVIL DAYS.

This and the four following poems have special reference to that darkest hour in the aggression of slavery which preceded the dawn of a better day, when the conscience of the people was roused to action.

THE evil days have come, the poor
    Are made a prey;
Bar up the hospitable door,
Put out the fire-lights, point no more
    The wanderer's way.

For Pity now is crime; the chain
    Which binds our States
Is melted at her hearth in twain,
Is rusted by her tears' soft rain:
    Close up her gates.

Our blood and name;
Bursting its century-bolted fr
Each gray cairn on the North
Cries out for shame!

Oh for the open firmament,
The prairie free,
The desert hillside, cavern-re
The Pawnee's lodge, the Ara
The Bushman's tree!

Than web of Persian loom m
Or soft divan,
Better the rough rock, bleak
Or hollow tree, which man r
With suffering man.

I hear a voice: "Thus sait
Let Love be dumb;
Clasping her liberal hands
Let sweet-lipped Charity w
From hearth and hom

"Th

Nor give to bonds and wrong once more
Whom God hath freed."

Dear Lord! between that law and Thee
No choice remains;
Yet not untrue to man's decree,
Though spurning its rewards, is he
Who bears its pains.

Not mine Sedition's trumpet-blast
And threatening word;
I read the lesson of the Past,
That firm endurance wins at last
More than the sword.

O clear-eyed Faith, and Patience thou
So calm and strong!
Lend strength to weakness, teach us how
The sleepless eyes of God look through
This night of wrong!

1850.

MOLOCH IN STATE STREET.

In a foot-note of the Report of the Senate of Massachusetts on the case of the arrest and return to bondage of the fugitive slave Thomas Sims it is stated that —

"It would have been impossible for the U. S. marshal thus successfully to have resisted the law of the State, without the assistance of the municipal authorities of Boston, and the countenance and support of a numerous, wealthy, and powerful body of citizens. It was in evidence that 1500 of the most wealthy and respectable citizens — merchants, bankers, and others — volunteered their services to aid the marshal on this occasion. . . . No watch was kept upon the doings of the marshal, and while the

State officers slept, after the moon had gone down, in the dark, one hour before daybreak, the annual was taken out of our jurisdiction by the armed police of the city of Boston."

THE moon has set: while yet the dawn
Breaks cold and gray,
Between the midnight and the morn
Bear off your prey!

On, swift and still! the conscious street
Is pange[illegible] and stirred;
Tread light! [illegible]ried feet
The dea[illegible]

The first d[illegible] [illegible]reedom's veins
Gusl[illegible] [illegible]nd;
Lo! thro[illegible] [illegible]e martyr-stains
Blus[illegible]

Beneath th[illegible] [illegible]ing stars
And whit[illegible] [illegible]y,
What stern and [illegible] presence bars
That sacred way?

What faces frown upon ye, dark
With shame and pain?
Come these from Plymouth's Pilgrim bark?
Is that young Vane?

Who, dimly beckoning, speed ye on
With mocking cheer?
Lo! spectral Andros, Hutchinson,
And Gage are here!

For ready mart or favoring blast
    Through Moloch's fire,
Flesh of his flesh, unsparing, passed
    The Tyrian sire.

Ye make that ancient sacrifice
    Of Man to Gain,
Your traffic thrives, where Freedom dies,
    Beneath the chain.

Ye sow to-day; your harvest, scorn
    And hate, is near;
How think ye freemen, mountain-born,
    The tale will hear?

Thank God! our mother State can yet
    Her fame retrieve;
To you and to your children let
    The scandal cleave.

Chain Hall and Pulpit, Court and Press,
    Make gods of gold;
Let honor, truth, and manliness
    Like wares be sold.

Your hoards are great, your walls are strong,
    But God is just;
The gilded chambers built by wrong
    Invite the rust.

What! know ye not the gains of Crime
    Are dust and dross;
Its ventures on the waves of time
    Foredoomed to loss!

Through many a free and gene
Still pours its flood.

That brave old blood, quick-flo
Shall know no check,
Till a free people's foot is set
On Slavery's neck.

Even now, the peal of bell and
And hills aflame,
Tell of the first great triumph
In Freedom's name.[10]

The long night dies: the welco
Of dawn we see;
Speed up the heavens thy perfe
God of the free!

1851.

OFFICIAL PIETY.

Suggested by reading a state paper, wherein

That the long-wished millennium draweth nigh?
Sin in high places has become devout,
Tithes mint, goes painful-faced, and prays its lie
Straight up to Heaven, and calls it piety!

The pirate, watching from his bloody deck
The weltering galleon, heavy with the gold
Of Acapulco, holding death in check
While prayers are said, brows crossed, and beads are told;
The robber, kneeling where the wayside cross
On dark Abruzzo tells of life's dread loss
From his own carbine, glancing still abroad
For some new victim, offering thanks to God!
Rome, listening at her altars to the cry
Of midnight Murder, while her hounds of hell
Scour France, from baptized cannon and holy bell
And thousand-throated priesthood, loud and high,
Pealing Te Deums to the shuddering sky,
"Thanks to the Lord, who giveth victory!"
What prove these, but that crime was ne'er so black
As ghostly cheer and pious thanks to lack?
Satan is modest. At Heaven's door he lays
His evil offspring, and, in Scriptural phrase
And saintly posture, gives to God the praise
And honor of the monstrous progeny.
What marvel, then, in our own time to see
His old devices, smoothly acted o'er, —
Official piety, locking fast the door
Of Hope against three million souls of men, —
Brothers, God's children, Christ's redeemed, — and then,

With uprolled eyeballs and on bended knee,
Whining a prayer for help to hide the key!

1854.

THE RENDITION.

On the 2d of Ju[illegible] Burns, a fugitive slave from Virginia, after be[illegible] ten days in the Boston Court House, was rema[illegible] der the Fugitive Slave Act, and taken down S[illegible] mer chartered by the United States Governmen[illegible] United States troops and artillery, Massachu[illegible] Boston police. Public excitement ran high, a f[illegible] case Burns having been made during his confinen[illegible] ts were crowded with tens of thousands of peopl[illegible] came from other towns and cities of the State to w[illegible] iliating spectacle.

I HEARD the train's shrill whistle call,
  I saw an earnest look beseech,
  And rather by that look than speech
My neighbor told me all.

And, as I thought of Liberty
  Marched handcuffed down that sworded street,
  The solid earth beneath my feet
Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss, —
  Shame, tearless grief, and stifling wrath,
  And loathing fear, as if my path
A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,
  All generous confidence and trust,
  Sank smothering in that deep disgust
And anguish of disgrace.

Down on my native hills of June,
  And home's green quiet, hiding all,
  Fell sudden darkness like the fall
Of midnight upon noon!

And Law, an unloosed maniac, strong,
  Blood-drunken, through the blackness trod,
  Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God
The blasphemy of wrong.

"O Mother, from thy memories proud,
  Thy old renown, dear Commonwealth,
  Lend this dead air a breeze of health,
And smite with stars this cloud.

"Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,
  Rise awful in thy strength," I said;
  Ah me! I spake but to the dead;
I stood upon her grave!

6th mo., 1854.

ARISEN AT LAST.

On the passage of the bill to protect the rights and liberties of the people of the State against the Fugitive Slave Act.

I SAID I stood upon thy grave,
  My Mother State, when last the moon
  Of blossoms clomb the skies of June.

And, scattering ashes on my head,
  I wore, undreaming of relief,
  The sackcloth of thy shame and grief.

Again that moon of blossoms shines
  On leaf and flower and folded wing,
  And thou hast risen with the spring!

Once more thy strong maternal arms
  Are round about thy children flung, —
  A fence [illegible] ur young!

No threat is [illegible] lips,
  But in th[illegible] r to smile
  The mad[illegible] d from its light.

Southward [illegible] ber's track
  Henceforth [illegible] herewaway,
  The fell lycanthro[illegible] ds no prey.

Henceforth, within thy sacred gates,
  His first low howl shall downward draw
  The thunder of thy righteous law.

Not mindless of thy trade and gain,
  But, acting on the wiser plan,
  Thou 'rt grown conservative of man.

So shalt thou clothe with life the hope,
  Dream-painted on the sightless eyes
  Of him who sang of Paradise, —

The vision of a Christian man,
  In virtue, as in stature great
  Embodied in a Christian State.

And thou, amidst thy sisterhood
  Forbearing long, yet standing fast,
  Shalt win their grateful thanks at last;

When North and South shall strive no more,
  And all their feuds and fears be lost
  In Freedom's holy Pentecost.

6th mo., 1855.

THE HASCHISH.

Of all that Orient lands can vaunt
  Of marvels with our own competing,
The strangest is the Haschish plant,
  And what will follow on its eating.

What pictures to the taster rise,
  Of Dervish or of Almeh dances!
Of Eblis, or of Paradise,
  Set all aglow with Houri glances!

The poppy visions of Cathay,
  The heavy beer-trance of the Suabian;
The wizard lights and demon play
  Of nights Walpurgis and Arabian!

The Mollah and the Christian dog
  Change place in mad metempsychosis;
The Muezzin climbs the synagogue,
  The Rabbi shakes his beard at Moses!

The Arab by his desert well
  Sits choosing from some Caliph's daughters,
And hears his single camel's bell
  Sound welcome to his regal quarters.

The Koran's reader makes complaint
  Of Shit[illegible] and off it;
The robbe[illegible] he saint
  Drinks [illegible] aspbemes the Prophet.

Such seem[illegible] a plant awakes;
  But we [illegible] ined to beat it,
The Hase[illegible] st, which makes
  Or fools o[illegible] all who eat it.

The preacher eats, and straight appears
  His Bible in a new translation;
Its angels negro overseers,
  And Heaven itself a snug plantation!

The man of peace, about whose dreams
  The sweet millennial angels cluster,
Tastes the mad weed, and plots and schemes,
  A raving Cuban filibuster!

The noisiest Democrat, with ease,
  It turns to Slavery's parish beadle;
The shrewdest statesman eats and sees
  Due southward point the polar needle.

The Judge partakes, and sits erelong
  Upon his bench a railing blackguard;

Decides off-hand that right is wrong,
And reads the ten commandments backward.

O potent plant! so rare a taste
Has never Turk or Gentoo proven:
The hempen Hashish of the East
Is powerless to our Western Cloven!

1854.

FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS SAKE

Inscribed to friends under arrest for treason against the slave power.

THE age is dull and mean. Men creep,
Not walk; with blood too pale and tame
To pay the debt they owe to shame:
Buy cheap, sell dear: eat, drink, and sleep
Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning want;
Pay tithes for soul-insurance: keep
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

In such a time, give thanks to God,
That somewhat of the holy rage
With which the prophets in their age
On all its decent seemings trod,
Has set your feet upon the lie,
That man and ox and soul and clod
Are market stock to sell and buy!

The hot words from your lips, my own,
To caution trained, might not repeat;
But if some tares among the wheat

The robber offers alms, ta
  Drinks Tokay and blas

Such scenes that Eastern
  But we have one ordai
The Haschish of the Wes
  Or fools or knaves of a

The preacher eats, and st
  His Bible in a new tra
Its angels negro overseer
  And Heaven itself a s

The man of peace, about
  The sweet millennial
Tastes the mad weed, ar
  A raving Cuban filib

The noisiest Democrat,
  It turns to Slavery's
The shrewdest statesma
  Due southward point

Decides off-hand that right is wrong,
And reads the ten commandments backward.

O potent plant! so rare a taste
Has never Turk or Gentoo gotten;
The hempen Haschish of the East
Is powerless to our Western Cotton!

1854.

FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE.

Inscribed to friends under arrest for treason against the slave power.

THE age is dull and mean. Men creep,
Not walk; with blood too pale and tame
To pay the debt they owe to shame;
Buy cheap, sell dear; eat, drink, and sleep
Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning want;
Pay tithes for soul-insurance; keep
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

In such a time, give thanks to God,
That somewhat of the holy rage
With which the prophets in their age
On all its decent seemings trod,
Has set your feet upon the lie,
That man and ox and soul and clod
Are market stock to sell and buy!

The hot words from your lips, my own,
To caution trained, might not repeat;
But if some tares among the wheat

Of generous thought and deed were sown,
  No common wrong provoked your zeal;
The silken gauntlet that is thrown
  In such a quarrel rings like steel.

The brave old strife the fathers saw
  For Freedo[illegible] en again
  Like those [illegible] not in vain
For England's [illegible] fred's law;
  And right [illegible] trial just
Wage in your [illegible] ncient war
  With venal [illegible] erjured trust.

God's ways seem [illegible], soon or late,
  They touch the shin[illegible] ills of day;
  The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
  Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
  The safe appeal of Truth to Time!

1855.

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

This poem and the three following were called out by the popular movement of Free State men to occupy the territory of Kansas, and by the use of the great democratic weapon — an overpowering majority — to settle the conflict on that ground between Freedom and Slavery. The opponents of the movement used another kind of weapon.

We cross the prairie as of old
  The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
  The homestead of the free!

The Kansas Emigrants

RARY
AND
NS

We go to rear a wall of men
  On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
  The rugged Northern pine!

We 're flowing from our native hills
  As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
  Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools,
  On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
  The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
  The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
  Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
  That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
  Shall flout the setting sun!

We 'll tread the prairie as of old
  Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
  The homestead of the free!

1854.

LETTER

FROM A MISSIONARY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH, IN KANSAS, TO A DISTINGUISHED POLITICIAN.

AS MISSION, *August*, 1854.

LAST week be praised for all His
merci
To His unw — I arrived
Safe at the estport; where
I tarried over in forming
A Vigilance C send back,
In shirts of tar, a -doublets quilted
With forty stripes save , all Yankee comers,
Uncircumcised and Gentile, aliens from
The Commonwealth of Israel, who despise
The prize of the high calling of the saints,
Who plant amidst this heathen wilderness
Pure gospel institutions, sanctified
By patriarchal use. The meeting opened
With prayer, as was most fitting. Half an hour,
Or thereaway, I groaned, and strove, and wrestled,
As Jacob did at Penuel, till the power
Fell on the people, and they cried 'Amen!'
"Glory to God!" and stamped and clapped their hands;
And the rough river boatmen wiped their eyes;
"Go it, old hoss!" they cried, and cursed the niggers —
Fulfilling thus the word of prophecy,
"Cursed be Cannan." After prayer, the meeting
Chose a committee — good and pious men —

A Presbyterian Elder, Baptist deacon,
A local preacher, three or four class-leaders,
Anxious inquirers, and renewed backsliders,
A score in all — to watch the river ferry,
(As they of old did watch the fords of Jordan,)
And cut off all whose Yankee tongues refuse
The Shibboleth of the Nebraska bill.
And then, in answer to repeated calls,
I gave a brief account of what I saw
In Washington; and truly many hearts
Rejoiced to know the President, and you
And all the Cabinet regularly hear
The gospel message of a Sunday morning,
Drinking with thirsty souls of the sincere
Milk of the Word. Glory! Amen, and Selah!

Here, at the Mission, all things have gone well:
The brother who, throughout my absence, acted
As overseer, assures me that the crops
Never were better. I have lost one negro,
A first-rate hand, but obstinate and sullen.
He ran away some time last spring, and hid
In the river timber. There my Indian converts
Found him, and treed and shot him. For the rest,
The heathens round about begin to feel
The influence of our pious ministrations
And works of love; and some of them already
Have purchased negroes, and are settling down
As sober Christians! Bless the Lord for this!
I know it will rejoice you. You, I hear,
Are on the eve of visiting Chicago,
To fight with the wild beasts of Ephesus,
Long John, and Dutch Free-Soilers. May your arm

Be clothed with strength, and on your tongue be found
The sweet oil of persuasion. So desires
Your brother and co-laborer. Amen!

P. S. All's lost. Even while I write these lines
The Yank[illegible] are coming
Upon us [illegible] in, stalwart men,
Each face[illegible] of Plymouth Rock
Against o[illegible] staking out
Their farm[illegible] ded Wakarusa,
Or squatti[illegible] -bottomed Kansas;
The pioneers [illegible] ultitudes,
The small rain-pa[illegible] the thunder shower
Drowns the dry prairies. Hope from man is not.
Oh, for a quiet berth at Washington,
Snug naval chaplaincy, or clerkship, where
These rumors of free labor and free soil
Might never meet me more. Better to be
Door keeper in the White House, than to dwell
Amidst these Yankee tents, that, whitening, show
On the green prairie like a fleet becalmed.
Methinks I hear a voice come up the river
From those far bayous, where the alligators
Mount guard around the camping filibusters:
"Shake off the dust of Kansas. Turn to Cuba —
(That golden orange just about to fall,
Over ripe, into the Democratic lap;)
Keep pace with Providence, or, as we say,
Manifest destiny. Go forth and follow
The message of *our* gospel, thither borne
Upon the point of Quitman's bowie-knife,

And the persuasive lips of Colt's revolvers.
There may'st thou, underneath thy vine and fig-
tree,
Watch thy increase of sugar cane and negroes,
Calm as a patriarch in his eastern tent!"
Amen: So mote it be. So prays your friend.

BURIAL OF BARBER.

Thomas Barber was shot December 6, 1855, near Lawrence, Kansas.

BEAR him, comrades, to his grave;
Never over one more brave
  Shall the prairie grasses weep,
In the ages yet to come,
When the millions in our room,
  What we sow in tears, shall reap.

Bear him up the icy hill,
With the Kansas, frozen still
  As his noble heart, below,
And the land he came to till
With a freeman's thews and will,
  And his poor hut roofed with snow!

One more look of that dead face,
Of his murder's ghastly trace!
  One more kiss, O widowed one!
Lay your left hands on his brow,
Lift your right hands up, and vow
  That his work shall yet be done.

Patience, friends! The eye of God
Every path by Murder trod
  Watches, lidless, day and night;
And the dead man in his shroud,
And his widow weeping loud,
  And our hearts, are in His sight.

Every de[illegible] swells
With the [illegible]g hells,
  Every b[illegible]eer,
Every wic[illegible]d plan
Of the cru[illegible]n,
  Though [illegible], He can hear!

We in suffering, [illegible]crime,
Wait the just award of time,
  Wait the vengeance that is due;
Not in vain a heart shall break,
Not a tear for Freedom's sake
  Fall unheeded: God is true.

While the flag with stars bedecked
Threatens where it should protect,
  And the Law shakes hands with Crime,
What is left us but to wait,
Match our patience to our fate,
  And abide the better time?

Patience, friends! The human heart
Everywhere shall take our part,
  Everywhere for us shall pray;
On our side are nature's laws,

And God's life is in the cause
That we suffer for to-day.

Well to suffer is divine;
Pass the watchword down the line,
  Pass the countersign: "Endure."
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
  Is the victor's garland sure.

Frozen earth to frozen breast,
Lay our slain one down to rest;
  Lay him down in hope and faith,
And above the broken sod,
Once again, to Freedom's God,
  Pledge ourselves for life or death,

That the State whose walls we lay,
In our blood and tears, to-day,
  Shall be free from bonds of shame,
And our goodly land untrod
By the feet of Slavery, shod
  With cursing as with flame!

Plant the Buckeye on his grave,
For the hunter of the slave
  In its shadow cannot rest;
And let martyr mound and tree
Be our pledge and guaranty
  Of the freedom of the West!

1856.

TO PENNSYLVANIA.

O State prayer-founded! never hung
Such choice upon a people's tongue,
  Such power to bless or ban,
As that [illegible] whisper Fate,
For whic[illegible] turies wait,
  And de[illegible]

Across th[illegible] ain,
With gro[illegible] d in pain,
  The wes[illegible] ay:
Wild-wailing [illegible] ri's flood
The crying of thy [illegible] 's blood
  Is in thy ears to-day!

And unto thee in Freedom's hour
Of sorest need God gives the power
  To ruin or to save;
To wound or heal, to blight or bless
With fertile field or wilderness,
  A free home or a grave!

Then let thy virtue match the crime,
Rise to a level with the time;
  And, if a son of thine
Betray or tempt thee, Brutus-like
For Fatherland and Freedom strike
  As Justice gives the sign.

Wake, sleeper, from thy dream of ease,
The great occasion's forelock seize;
  And let the north-wind strong,

And golden leaves of autumn, be
Thy coronal of Victory
  And thy triumphal song.

10th mo., 1856.

LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.

The massacre of unarmed and unoffending men, in Southern Kansas, in May, 1858, took place near the Marais du Cygne of the French *voyageurs*.

A BLUSH as of roses
  Where rose never grew!
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
  But not of the dew!
A taint in the sweet air
  For wild bees to shun!
A stain that shall never
  Bleach out in the sun!

Back, steed of the prairies!
  Sweet song-bird, fly back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
  Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
  Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the Border
  Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,
  The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
  The victims were torn, —
By the whirlwind of murder

Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen-lands,
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
No stout knee was crooked;
In the [illegible] rifles
Rig[illegible] looked.
How [illegible] sunshine,
O [illegible]ne!
On de[illegible]ong life,
On [illegible]green!

In the hou[illegible]r rearing,
Yet warm [illegible]eir lives,
Ye wait the dead only,
Poor children and wives!
Put out the red forge-fire,
The smith shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
O dreary death-train,
With pressed lips as bloodless
As lips of the slain!
Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs;
Let tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,
Mourn bitter and wild!

Wail, desolate woman!
  Weep, fatherless child!
But the grain of God springs up
  From ashes beneath,
And the crown of his harvest
  Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
  The shade moves along,
To point the great contrasts
  Of right and of wrong:
Free homes and free altars,
  Free prairie and flood, —
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
  Whose bloom is of blood!

On the lintels of Kansas
  That blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
  Shall harmless go by;
Henceforth to the sunset,
  Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
  The march of the day.

1858.

THE PASS OF THE SIERRA.

All night above their rocky bed
  They saw the stars march slow;
The wild Sierra overhead,
  The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,
  The gray bear from his den,
Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark,
  Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious strain,
  Thei[illegible]less eye,
Wher[illegible]e mountain chain
  Sto[illegible] the sky.

The r[illegible]: at last, a glow,
  A [illegible] fire,
Shot u[illegible]lls of snow,
  And tipp[illegible] spire.

"Up, men!" he cried, "yon rocky cone,
  To-day, please God, we 'll pass,
And look from Winter's frozen throne
  On Summer's flowers and grass!"

They set their faces to the blast,
  They trod the eternal snow,
And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last
  The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud tossed
  By many an icy horn;
Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,
  And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs
  To flap his baffled wing,
And downward, with the cataracts,
  Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band,
  Another task remains,
To break from Slavery's desert land
  A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,
  Yet, flashing through the night,
Lo! icy ridge and rocky spear
  Blaze out in morning light!

Rise up, Frémont! and go before;
  The Hour must have its Man;
Put on the hunting-shirt once more,
  And lead in Freedom's van!

8th mo., 1856.

A SONG FOR THE TIME.

Written in the summer of 1856, during the political campaign of the Free Soil party under the candidacy of John C. Frémont.

Up, laggards of Freedom! — our free flag is cast
To the blaze of the sun and the wings of the blast;
Will ye turn from a struggle so bravely begun,
From a foe that is breaking, a field that 's half won?

Whoso loves not his kind, and who fears not the Lord,
Let him join that foe's service, accursed and abhorred!
Let him do his base will, as the slave only can, —
Let him put on the bloodhound, and put off the Man!

Let him go where the cold blood that creeps in his veins
Shall stiffen the slave-whip, and rust on his chains;
Where the black slave shall laugh in his bonds, to behold
The White Slave beside him, self-fettered and sold!

But ye, who st[illegible]rts beating and warm,
Rise, from la[illegible]ean's, like waves in a storm,
Come, throng [illegible]er in Liberty's name,
Like winds f[illegible]ntains, like prairies aflame!

Our foe, hidden long [illegible]mbush of night,
Now, forced from his covert, stands black in the light.
Oh, the cruel to Man, and the hateful to God,
Smite him down to the earth, that is cursed where he trod!

For deeper than thunder of summer's loud shower,
On the dome of the sky God is striking the hour!
Shall we falter before what we've prayed for so long,
When the Wrong is so weak, and the Right is so strong?

Come forth all together! come old and come young,
Freedom's vote in each hand, and her song on each tongue;
Truth naked is stronger than Falsehood in mail;
The Wrong cannot prosper, the Right cannot fail!

Like leaves of the summer once numbered the foe,
But the hoar-frost is falling, the northern winds
blow;
Like leaves of November erelong shall they fall,
For earth wearies of them, and God 's over all!

WHAT OF THE DAY?

Written during the stirring weeks when the great political battle for Freedom under Frémont's leadership was permitting strong hope of success, — a hope overshadowed and solemnized by a sense of the magnitude of the barbaric evil, and a forecast of the unscrupulous and desperate use of all its powers in the last and decisive struggle.

A SOUND of tumult troubles all the air,
Like the low thunders of a sultry sky
Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings glare;
The hills blaze red with warnings; foes draw nigh,
Treading the dark with challenge and reply.
Behold the burden of the prophet's vision;
The gathering hosts, — the Valley of Decision,
Dusk with the wings of eagles wheeling o'er.
Day of the Lord, of darkness and not light!
It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's roar!
Even so, Father! Let Thy will be done;
Turn and o'erturn, end what Thou hast begun
In judgment or in mercy: as for me,
If but the least and frailest, let me be
Evermore numbered with the truly free
Who find Thy service perfect liberty!
I fain would thank Thee that my mortal life
Has reached the hour (albeit through care and
pain)

When Good and Evil, as for final strife,
Close dire and vast on Armageddon's plain;
And Michael and his angels once again
Drive howling back the Spirits of the Night.
Oh for the faith to read the signs aright
And, from the angle of Thy perfect sight,
See Truth's [illegible] floating on before;
And the Go[illegible]te of venal friends,
And base e[illegible] to noble ends;
See Peace w[illegible]ake to Time amends,
And, through i[illegible], the threshing-floor,
Flailed by th[illegible]aped with chaffless
grain!

1856.

A [illegible]

INSCRIBED TO THE FRÉMONT CLUBS.

Written after the election in 1856, which showed the immense gains of the Free Soil party, and insured its success in 1860.

Beneath thy skies, November!
Thy skies of cloud and rain,
Around our blazing camp-fires
We close our ranks again.
Then sound again the bugles,
Call the muster-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

For God be praised! New England
Takes once more her ancient place;
Again the Pilgrim's banner
Leads the vanguard of the race.
Then sound again the bugles, etc.

Along the lordly Hudson,
  A shout of triumph breaks;
The Empire State is speaking,
  From the ocean to the lakes.
    Then sound again the bugles, etc.

The Northern hills are blazing,
  The Northern skies are bright;
And the fair young West is turning
  Her forehead to the light!
    Then sound again the bugles, etc.

Push every outpost nearer,
  Press hard the hostile towers!
Another Balaklava,
  And the Malakoff is ours!
    Then sound again the bugles,
      Call the muster-roll anew;
    If months have well-nigh won the field,
      What may not four years do?

THE PANORAMA.

"A! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayse man to haif liking.
Fredome all solace to man giffis;
He levys at ese that frely levys!
A nobil hart may haif nane ese
Na ellys nocht that may him plese
Gyff Fredome failythe."

ARCHDEACON BARBOUR.

THROUGH the long hall the shuttered windows shed
A dubious light on every upturned head;

On locks like those of Absalom the fair,
On the bald apex ringed with scanty hair,
On blank indifference and on curious stare;
On the pale Showman reading from his stage
The hieroglyphics of that facial page;
Half sad, half scornful, listening to the bruit
Of restless [illegible] atient foot,
And the sh[illegible] e general din,
"Roll up y[illegible] t the show begin!"

At length [illegible] he winds that break
Into green w[illegible] 's grassy lake,
Deepened ar[illegible] sic clear and loud,
And, as the wes[illegible] summer cloud,
The curtain rose, disclo[illegible] wide and far
A green land stretching to the evening star,
Fair rivers, skirted by primeval trees
And flowers hummed over by the desert bees,
Marked by tall bluffs whose slopes of greenness show
Fantastic outcrops of the rock below;
The slow result of patient Nature's pains,
And plastic fingering of her sun and rains;
Arch, tower, and gate, grotesquely windowed hall,
And long escarpment of half-crumbled wall,
Huger than those which, from steep hills of vine,
Stare through their loopholes on the travelled Rhine;
Suggesting vaguely to the gazer's mind
A fancy, idle as the prairie wind,
Of the land's dwellers in an age unguessed;
The unsung Jotuns of the mystic West.

Beyond, the prairie's sea-like swells surpass
The Tartar's marvels of his Land of Grass,
Vast as the sky against whose sunset shores
Wave after wave the billowy greenness pours;
And, onward still, like islands in that main
Loom the rough peaks of many a mountain chain,
Whence east and west a thousand waters run
From winter lingering under summer's sun.
And, still beyond, long lines of foam and sand
Tell where Pacific rolls his waves a-land,
From many a wide-lapped port and land-locked bay,
Opening with thunderous pomp the world's high-
way
To Indian isles of spice, and marts of far Cathay.

"Such," said the Showman, as the curtain fell,
"Is the new Canaan of our Israel;
The land of promise to the swarming North,
Which, hive-like, sends its annual surplus forth,
To the poor Southron on his worn-out soil,
Scathed by the curses of unnatural toil;
To Europe's exiles seeking home and rest,
And the lank nomads of the wandering West,
Who, asking neither, in their love of change
And the free bison's amplitude of range,
Rear the log-hut, for present shelter meant,
Not future comfort, like an Arab's tent."

Then spake a shrewd on-looker, "Sir," said he,
"I like your picture, but I fain would see
A sketch of what your promised land will be
When, with electric nerve, and fiery-brained,
With Nature's forces to its chariot chained,

The future grasping, by the past obeyed,
The twentieth century rounds a new decade."

Then said the Showman, sadly: "He who grieves
Over the scattering of the sibyl's leaves
Unwisely mourns. Suffice it, that we know
What needs m[illegible] in the seed we sow;
That present [illegible] mould wherein
We cast the s[illegible]ess and sin.
A painful wa[illegible]ssing hour,
Its lust of gol[illegible]r place and power;
Its lack of ma[illegible], reverence, truth,
Wise-thought[illegible]nerous-hearted youth;
Nor yet unmindful o[illegible] better sign,
The low, far lights, which on th' horizon shine,
Like those which sometimes tremble on the rim
Of clouded skies when day is closing dim,
Flashing athwart the purple spears of rain
The hope of sunshine on the hills again:
I need no prophet's word, nor shapes that pass
Like clouding shadows o'er a magic glass;
For now, as ever, passionless and cold,
Doth the dread angel of the future hold
Evil and good before us, with no voice
Or warning look to guide us in our choice;
With spectral hands outreaching through the gloom
The shadowy contrasts of the coming doom.
Transferred from these, it now remains to give
The sun and shade of Fate's alternative."

Then, with a burst of music, touching all
The keys of thrifty life, — the mill-stream's fall,
The engine's pant along its quivering rails,

The anvil's ring, the measured beat of flails,
The sweep of scythes, the reaper's whistled tune,
Answering the summons of the bells of noon,
The woodman's hail along the river shores,
The steamboat's signal, and the dip of oars:
Slowly the curtain rose from off a land
Fair as God's garden. Broad on either hand
The golden wheat-fields glimmered in the sun,
And the tall maize its yellow tassels spun.
Smooth highways set with hedge-rows living green,
With steepled towns through shaded vistas seen,
The school-house murmuring with its hive-like swarm,
The brook-bank whitening in the grist-mill's storm,
The painted farm-house shining through the leaves
Of fruited orchards bending at its eaves,
Where live again, around the Western hearth,
The homely old-time virtues of the North;
Where the blithe housewife rises with the day,
And well-paid labor counts his task a play.
And, grateful tokens of a Bible free,
And the free Gospel of Humanity,
Of diverse sects and differing names the shrines,
One in their faith, whate'er their outward signs,
Like varying strophes of the same sweet hymn
From many a prairie's swell and river's brim,
A thousand church-spires sanctify the air
Of the calm Sabbath, with their sign of prayer.

Like sudden nightfall over bloom and green
The curtain dropped: and, momently, between
The clank of fetter and the crack of thong,
Half sob, half laughter, music swept along;

A strange refrain, whose idle words and low,
Like drunken mourners, kept the time of woe;
As if the revellers at a masquerade
Heard in the distance funeral marches played.
Such music, dashing all his smiles with tears,
The thoughtful voyager on Ponchartrain hears,
Where, through lusk of wooded shores
The negro boat o his oars,
With a wild p of his wrong
Redeems the j aseless song.
"Look," said t sternly, as he rolled
His curtain up s reverse behold!"

A village straggli se disarray
Of vulgar newness, pren e decay;
A tavern, crazy with its whiskey brawls,
With "*Slaves at Auction!*" garnishing its walls;
Without, surrounded by a motley crowd,
The shrewd-eyed salesman, garrulous and loud,
A squire or colonel in his pride of place,
Known at free fights, the caucus, and the race,
Prompt to proclaim his honor without blot,
And silence doubters with a ten-pace shot,
Mingling the negro-driving bully's rant
With pious phrase and democratic cant,
Yet never scrupling, with a filthy jest,
To sell the infant from its mother's breast,
Break through all ties of wedlock, home, and kin,
Yield shrinking girlhood up to graybeard sin;
Sell all the virtues with his human stock,
The Christian graces on his auction-block,
And coolly count on shrewdest bargains driven
In hearts regenerate, and in souls forgiven!

Look once again! The moving canvas shows
A slave plantation's slovenly repose,
Where, in rude cabins rotting midst their weeds,
The human chattel eats, and sleeps, and breeds;
And, held a brute, in practice, as in law,
Becomes in fact the thing he 's taken for.
There, early summoned to the hemp and corn,
The nursing mother leaves her child new-born;
There haggard sickness, weak and deathly faint,
Crawls to his task, and fears to make complaint;
And sad-eyed Rachels, childless in decay,
Weep for their lost ones sold and torn away!
Of ampler size the master's dwelling stands,
In shabby keeping with his half-tilled lands;
The gates unhinged, the yard with weeds unclean,
The cracked veranda with a tipsy lean.
Without, loose-scattered like a wreck adrift,
Signs of misrule and tokens of unthrift;
Within, profusion to discomfort joined,
The listless body and the vacant mind;
The fear, the hate, the theft and falsehood, born
In menial hearts of toil, and stripes, and scorn!
There, all the vices, which, like birds obscene,
Batten on slavery loathsome and unclean,
From the foul kitchen to the parlor rise,
Pollute the nursery where the child-heir lies,
Taint infant lips beyond all after cure,
With the fell poison of a breast impure;
Touch boyhood's passions with the breath of flame,
From girlhood's instincts steal the blush of shame.
So swells, from low to high, from weak to strong,
The tragic chorus of the baleful wrong;
Guilty or guiltless, all within its range
Feel the blind justice of its sure revenge.

Still scenes like these the moving chart reveals.
Up the long western steppes the blighting steals;
Down the Pacific slope the evil Fate
Glides like a shadow to the Golden Gate:
From sea to sea the drear eclipse is thrown,
From sea to sea the *Mauvaises Terres* have grown,
A belt of curse[illegible] World's zone!

The curtain [illegible] a freer breath,
As men are w[illegible] mournful death
Is covered from [illegible] The Showman stood
With drooping [illegible]'s attitude
One moment, th[illegible]n gesture shook
His loose hair back, [illegible] the air and look
Of one who felt, beyon[illegible] arrow stage
And listening group, the presence of the age,
And heard the footsteps of the things to be,
Poured out his soul in earnest words and free.

"O friends!" he said, "in this poor trick of paint
You see the semblance, incomplete and faint,
Of the two-fronted Future, which, to-day,
Stands dim and silent, waiting in your way.
To-day, your servant, subject to your will;
To-morrow, master, or for good or ill.
If the dark face of Slavery on you turns,
If the mad curse its paper barrier spurns,
If the world granary of the West is made
The last foul market of the slaver's trade,
Why rail at fate? The mischief is your own.
Why hate your neighbor? Blame yourselves alone!

"Men of the North! The South you charge with wrong
Is weak and poor, while you are rich and strong.
If questions, — idle and absurd as those
The old-time monks and Paduan doctors chose, —
Mere ghosts of questions, tariffs, and dead banks,
And scarecrow pontiffs, never broke your ranks,
Your thews united could, at once, roll back
The jostled nation to its primal track.
Nay, were you simply steadfast, manly, just,
True to the faith your fathers left in trust,
If stainless honor outweighed in your scale
A codfish quintal or a factory bale,
Full many a noble heart, (and such remain
In all the South, like Lot in Siddim's plain,
Who watch and wait, and from the wrong's control
Keep white and pure their chastity of soul,)
Now sick to loathing of your weak complaints,
Your tricks as sinners, and your prayers as saints,
Would half-way meet the frankness of your tone,
And feel their pulses beating with your own.

"The North! the South! no geographic line
Can fix the boundary or the point define,
Since each with each so closely interblends,
Where Slavery rises, and where Freedom ends.
Beneath your rocks the roots, far-reaching, hide
Of the fell Upas on the Southern side;
The tree whose branches in your northwinds wave
Dropped its young blossoms on Mount Vernon's grave;
The nursling growth of Monticello's crest
Is now the glory of the free Northwest;

To the wise maxims of her olden school
Virginia listened from thy lips, Rantoul;
Seward's words of power, and Sumner's fresh renown,
Flow from the pen that Jefferson laid down!
And when, at length, her years of madness o'er,
Like the e[illegible] Euphrates' shore,
From her [illegible]ngery, her mouth
Bitter wit [illegible]e, turns the South,
Resumes [illegible]d seeks to smooth
Her unke[illegible] glass of truth,
Her early [illegible] tongue again,
New Wyt[illegible]ys swell that old refrain,
Her sons with y[illegible] the ancient pact,
The myth of Union [illegible]at last a fact!
Then, if one murmur mars the wide content,
Some Northern lip will drawl the last dissent,
Some Union-saving patriot of your own
Lament to find his occupation gone.

"Grant that the North's insulted, scorned, betrayed,
O'erreached in bargains with her neighbor made,
When selfish thrift and party held the scales
For peddling dicker, not for honest sales, —
Whom shall we strike? Who most deserves our blame?
The braggart Southron, open in his aim,
And bold as wicked, crashing straight through all
That bars his purpose, like a cannon-ball?
Or the mean traitor, breathing northern air,
With nasal speech and puritanic hair,
Whose cant the loss of principle survives,
As the mud-turtle e'en its head outlives;

Who, caught, chin-buried in some foul offence,
Puts on a look of injured innocence,
And consecrates his baseness to the cause
Of constitution, union, and the laws?

"Praise to the place-man who can hold aloof
His still unpurchased manhood, office-proof;
Who on his round of duty walks erect,
And leaves it only rich in self-respect;
As More maintained his virtue's lofty port
In the Eighth Henry's base and bloody court.
But, if exceptions here and there are found,
Who tread thus safely on enchanted ground,
The normal type, the fitting symbol still
Of those who fatten at the public mill,
Is the chained dog beside his master's door,
Or Circe's victim, feeding on all four!

"Give me the heroes who, at tuck of drum,
Salute thy staff, immortal Quattlebum!
Or they who, doubly armed with vote and gun,
Following thy lead, illustrious Atchison,
Their drunken franchise shift from scene to scene,
As tile-beard Jourdan did his guillotine!
Rather than him who, born beneath our skies,
To Slavery's hand its supplest tool supplies;
The party felon whose unblushing face
Looks from the pillory of his bribe of place,
And coolly makes a merit of disgrace,
Points to the footmarks of indignant scorn,
Shows the deep scars of satire's tossing horn;
And passes to his credit side the sum
Of all that makes a scoundrel's martyrdom!

"Bane of the North, its canker and its moth!
These modern Esaus, bartering rights for broth!
Taxing our justice, with their double claim,
As fools for pity, and as knaves for blame;
Who, urged by party, sect, or trade, within
The fell embrace of Slavery's sphere of sin,
Part at the ou[illegible] moral sense,
The watchful [illegible] ruth's defence;
Confound all [illegible] and ill; reverse
The poles of l[illegible] and its curse;
And lose them[illegible] eir perverted sight
The eternal di[illegible] the wrong and right;
To them the L[illegible] iron span
That girds the ankle [illegible] ruted man;
To them the Gospel has [illegible] igher aim
Than simple sanction of the master's claim,
Dragged in the slime of Slavery's loathsome trail,
Like Chalier's Bible at his ass's tail!

"Such are the men who, with instinctive dread,
Whenever Freedom lifts her drooping head,
Make prophet-tripods of their office-stools,
And scare the nurseries and the village schools
With dire presage of ruin grim and great,
A broken Union and a foundered State!
Such are the patriots, self-bound to the stake
Of office, martyrs for their country's sake:
Who fill themselves the hungry jaws of Fate,
And by their loss of manhood save the State.
In the wide gulf themselves like Curtius throw,
And test the virtues of cohesive dough;
As tropic monkeys, linking heads and tails,
Bridge o'er some torrent of Ecuador's vales!

"Such are the men who in your churches rave
To swearing-point, at mention of the slave!
When some poor parson, haply unawares,
Stammers of freedom in his timid prayers;
Who, if some foot-sore negro through the town
Steals northward, volunteer to hunt him down.
Or, if some neighbor, flying from disease,
Courts the mild balsam of the Southern breeze,
With hue and cry pursue him on his track,
And write *Free-soiler* on the poor man's back.
Such are the men who leave the pedler's cart,
While faring South, to learn the driver's art,
Or, in white neckcloth, soothe with pious aim
The graceful sorrows of some languid dame,
Who, from the wreck of her bereavement, saves
The double charm of widowhood and slaves!
Pliant and apt, they lose no chance to show
To what base depths apostasy can go;
Outdo the natives in their readiness
To roast a negro, or to mob a press;
Poise a tarred schoolmate on the lyncher's rail,
Or make a bonfire of their birthplace mail!

"So some poor wretch, whose lips no longer bear
The sacred burden of his mother's prayer,
By fear impelled, or lust of gold enticed,
Turns to the Crescent from the Cross of Christ,
And, over-acting in superfluous zeal,
Crawls prostrate where the faithful only kneel,
Out-howls the Dervish, hugs his rags to court
The squalid Santon's sanctity of dirt;
And, when beneath the city gateway's span
Files slow and long the Meccan caravan,

And through its midst, pursued by Islam's prayers,
The prophet's Word some favored camel bears,
The marked apostate has his place assigned
The Koran-bearer's sacred rump behind,
With brush and pitcher following, grave and mute,
In meek attendance on the holy brute!

"Men of the h your very eyes,
By hearth and h al danger lies.
Still day by day freedom falls
Through home-br d within its walls.
Men whom yourse e and purse sustain,
At posts of honor, d gain;
The right of Slavery ons to teach,
And 'South-side' Gospe our pulpits preach,
Transfix the Law to ancient freedom dear
On the sharp point of her subverted spear,
And imitate upon her cushion plump
The mad Missourian lynching from his stump;
Or, in your name, upon the Senate's floor
Yield up to Slavery all it asks, and more;
And, ere your dull eyes open to the cheat,
Sell your old homestead underneath your feet!
While such as these your loftiest outlooks hold,
While truth and conscience with your wares are sold,
While grave-browed merchants band themselves to aid
An annual man-hunt for their Southern trade,
What moral power within your grasp remains
To stay the mischief on Nebraska's plains?
High as the tides of generous impulse flow,
As far rolls back the selfish undertow;

And all your brave resolves, though aimed as true
As the horse-pistol Balmawhapple drew,
To Slavery's bastions lend as slight a shock
As the poor trooper's shot to Stirling rock!

"Yet, while the need of Freedom's cause demands
The earnest efforts of your hearts and hands,
Urged by all motives that can prompt the heart
To prayer and toil and manhood's manliest part;
Though to the soul's deep tocsin Nature joins
The warning whisper of her Orphic pines,
The north-wind's anger, and the south-wind's sigh,
The midnight sword-dance of the northern sky,
And, to the ear that bends above the sod
Of the green grave-mounds in the Fields of God,
In low, deep murmurs of rebuke or cheer,
The land's dead fathers speak their hope or fear,
Yet let not Passion wrest from Reason's hand
The guiding rein and symbol of command.
Blame not the caution proffering to your zeal
A well-meant drag upon its hurrying wheel;
Nor chide the man whose honest doubt extends
To the means only, not the righteous ends;
Nor fail to weigh the scruples and the fears
Of milder natures and serener years.
In the long strife with evil which began
With the first lapse of new-created man,
Wisely and well has Providence assigned
To each his part, — some forward, some behind;
And they, too, serve who temper and restrain
The o'erwarm heart that sets on fire the brain.
True to yourselves, feed Freedom's altar-flame
With what you have; let others do the same.

Spare timid doubters; set like flint your face
Against the self-sold knaves of gain and place:
Pity the weak; but with unsparing hand
Cast out the traitors who infest the land;
From bar, press, pulpit, cast them everywhere,
By dint of fasting, if you fail by prayer.
And in their pla[illegible] of antique mould,
Like the grave [illegible] r Age of Gold;
Statesmen like [illegible] ght the primal fount
Of righteous la[illegible] on the Mount;
Lawyers who p[illegible] cy, (to our day
Still spared, He[illegible] !) honor more than pay,
And Christian juris[illegible] ure, like Jay;
Preachers like Woolma[illegible] ike them who bore
The faith of Wesley to our Western shore,
And held no convert genuine till he broke
Alike his servants' and the Devil's yoke;
And priests like him who Newport's market trod,
And o'er its slave-ships shook the bolts of God!
So shall your power, with a wise prudence used,
Strong but forbearing, firm but not abused,
In kindly keeping with the good of all,
The nobler maxims of the past recall,
Her natural home-born right to Freedom give,
And leave her foe his robber-right, — to live.
Live, as the snake does in his noisome fen!
Live, as the wolf does in his bone-strewn den!
Live, clothed with cursing like a robe of flame,
The focal point of million-fingered shame!
Live, till the Southron, who, with all his faults,
Has manly instincts, in his pride revolts,

Dashes from off him, midst the glad world's cheers,
The hideous nightmare of his dream of years,
And lifts, self-prompted, with his own right hand,
The vile encumbrance from his glorious land!

"So, wheresoe'er our destiny sends forth
Its widening circles to the South or North,
Where'er our banner flaunts beneath the stars
Its mimic splendors and its cloudlike bars,
There shall Free Labor's hardy children stand
The equal sovereigns of a slaveless land.
And when at last the hunted bison tires,
And dies o'ertaken by the squatter's fires;
And westward, wave on wave, the living flood
Breaks on the snow-line of majestic Hood;
And lonely Shasta listening hears the tread
Of Europe's fair-haired children, Hesper-led;
And, gazing downward through his hoar-locks, sees
The tawny Asian climb his giant knees,
The Eastern sea shall hush his waves to hear
Pacific's surf-beat answer Freedom's cheer,
And one long rolling fire of triumph run
Between the sunrise and the sunset gun!"

My task is done. The Showman and his show,
Themselves but shadows, into shadows go;
And, if no song of idlesse I have sung,
Nor tints of beauty on the canvas flung;
If the harsh numbers grate on tender ears,
And the rough picture overwrought appears;
With deeper coloring, with a sterner blast,
Before my soul a voice and vision passed,

Such as might Milton's jarring trump require,
Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid fire.
Oh, not of choice, for themes of public wrong
I leave the green and pleasant paths of song,
The mild, sweet words which soften and adorn,
For sharp rebuke and bitter laugh of scorn.
More dear to m[illegible] rivate worth,
Some homely i[illegible] Iorth,
Some summer [illegible] and vales,
Or, grim and w[illegible] ireside tales
Haunted by gh[illegible] g sails;
Lost barks at p[illegible] stem to helm
With prayers o[illegible] s on Virgil's elm.
Nor private grief [illegible] ls my pen;
I owe but kindness to [illegible] men;
And, South or North, wherever hearts of prayer
Their woes and weakness to our Father bear,
Wherever fruits of Christian love are found
In holy lives, to me is holy ground.
But the time passes. It were vain to crave
A late indulgence. What I had I gave.
Forget the poet, but his warning heed,
And shame his poor word with your nobler deed.

1856.

ON A PRAYER-BOOK,

WITH ITS FRONTISPIECE, ARY SCHEFFER'S "CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR," AMERICANIZED BY THE OMISSION OF THE BLACK MAN.

It is hardly to be credited, yet is true, that in the anxiety of the Northern merchant to conciliate his Southern customer, a publisher was found ready thus to mutilate Scheffer's picture. He

intended his edition for use in the Southern States undoubtedly, but copies fell into the hands of those who believed literally in a gospel which was to preach liberty to the captive.

O Ary Scheffer! when beneath thine eye,
  Touched with the light that cometh from above,
  Grew the sweet picture of the dear Lord's love,
No dream hadst thou that Christian hands would tear
Therefrom the token of His equal care,
  And make thy symbol of His truth a lie!
The poor, dumb slave whose shackles fall away
  In His compassionate gaze, grubbed smoothly out,
  To mar no more the exercise devout
Of sleek oppression kneeling down to pray
Where the great oriel stains the Sabbath day!
Let whoso can before such praying-books
  Kneel on his velvet cushion; I, for one,
  Would sooner bow, a Parsee, to the sun,
Or tend a prayer-wheel in Thibetar brooks,
  Or beat a drum on Yedo's temple-floor.
  No falser idol man has bowed before,
In Indian groves or islands of the sea,
  Than that which through the quaint-carved Gothic door
Looks forth, — a Church without humanity!
  Patron of pride, and prejudice, and wrong, —
  The rich man's charm and fetich of the strong,
The Eternal Fulness meted, clipped, and shorn,
The seamless robe of equal mercy torn,
The dear Christ hidden from His kindred flesh,
And, in His poor ones, crucified afresh!
Better the simple Lama scattering wide,

Where sweeps the storm Alechan's steppes along,
His paper horses for the lost to ride,
And wearying Buddha with his prayers to make
The figures living for the traveller's sake,
Than he who hopes with cheap praise to beguile
The ear of God, dishonoring man the while;
Who dreams th[illegible] hinges, rusty grown,
Are moved by [illegible] tongue alone;
That in the sea[illegible] ice bears
The generous d[illegible] than selfish prayers,
And words into[illegible] ful unction move
The Eternal Go[illegible] an lives of truth and
love.
Alas, the Church [illegible] end head of Jay,
Enhaloed with its s[illegible] lvered hair,
Adorns no more the places of her prayer;
And brave young Tyng, too early called away,
Troubles the Haman of her courts no more
Like the just Hebrew at the Assyrian's door;
And her sweet ritual, beautiful but dead
As the dry husk from which the grain is shed,
And holy hymns from which the life devout
Of saints and martyrs has wellnigh gone out,
Like candles dying in exhausted air,
For Sabbath use in measured grists are ground;
And, ever while the spiritual mill goes round,
Between the upper and the nether stones,
Unseen, unheard, the wretched bondman groans,
And urges his vain plea, prayer-smothered, anthem-
drowned!

O heart of mine, keep patience! Looking forth,
As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,

Pure, just, and free, the Church of Christ on earth;
  The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold!
And found, at last, the mystic Graal I see,
  Brimmed with His blessing, pass from lip to lip
  In sacred pledge of human fellowship;
  And over all the songs of angels hear;
  Songs of the love that casteth out all fear;
  Songs of the Gospel of Humanity!
  Lo! in the midst, with the same look He wore,
  Healing and blessing on Genesaret's shore,
  Folding together, with the all-tender might
Of His great love, the dark hands and the white,
  Stands the Consoler, soothing every pain,
Making all burdens light, and breaking every
    chain.

1859.

THE SUMMONS.

My ear is full of summer sounds,
  Of summer sights my languid eye;
Beyond the dusty village bounds
I loiter in my daily rounds,
  And in the noon-time shadows lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,
  The bird swings on the ripened wheat,
The long green lances of the corn
Are tilting in the winds of morn,
  The locust shrills his song of heat.

Another sound my spirit hears,
  A deeper sound that drowns them all;

A voice of pleading choked with tears,
The call of human hopes and fears,
  The Macedonian cry to Paul!

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet blows;
  I know the word and countersign;
Wherever [illegible] guard goes,
Where st[illegible] friends or foes,
  I know [illegible] should be mine.

Shamed b[illegible] t idly fold,
  And lip[illegible] reed's accord,
When lag[illegible] hour has tolled
For true with [illegible] new with old
  To fight the ba[illegible] the Lord!

O brothers! blest by partial Fate
  With power to match the will and deed,
To him your summons comes too late
Who sinks beneath his armor's weight,
  And has no answer but God-speed!

1860.

TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

On the 12th of January, 1861, Mr. Seward delivered in the Senate chamber a speech on *The State of the Union*, in which he urged the paramount duty of preserving the Union, and went as far as it was possible to go, without surrender of principles, in concessions to the Southern party, concluding his argument with these words: "Having submitted my own opinions on this great crisis, it remains only to say, that I shall cheerfully lend to the government my best support in whatever prudent yet energetic efforts it shall make to preserve the public peace, and to main-

tain and preserve the Union; advising, only, that it practise, as far as possible, the utmost moderation, forbearance, and conciliation. . . . This Union has not yet accomplished what good for mankind was manifestly designed by Him who appoints the seasons and prescribes the duties of states and empires. No; if it were cast down by faction to-day, it would rise again and reappear in all its majestic proportions to-morrow. It is the only government that can stand here. Woe! woe! to the man that madly lifts his hand against it. It shall continue and endure; and men, in after times, shall declare that this generation, which saved the Union from such sudden and unlooked-for dangers, surpassed in magnanimity even that one which laid its foundations in the eternal principles of liberty, justice, and humanity."

STATESMAN, I thank thee! and, if yet dissent
Mingles, reluctant, with my large content,
I cannot censure what was nobly meant.
But, while constrained to hold even Union less
Than Liberty and Truth and Righteousness,
I thank thee in the sweet and holy name
Of peace, for wise calm words that put to shame
Passion and party. Courage may be shown
Not in defiance of the wrong alone;
He may be bravest who, unweaponed, bears
The olive branch, and, strong in justice, spares
The rash wrong-doer, giving widest scope
To Christian charity and generous hope.
If, without damage to the sacred cause
Of Freedom and the safeguard of its laws —
If, without yielding that for which alone
We prize the Union, thou canst save it now
From a baptism of blood, upon thy brow
A wreath whose flowers no earthly soil have known,
Woven of the beatitudes, shall rest,
And the peacemaker be forever blest!

1861.

IN WAR TIME.

TO SAMUEL E. SEWALL AND HARRIET W. SEWALL,

OF MELROSE.

These lines to my ol[illegible] dedication in the volume which contained a co[illegible] under the general title of *In War Time.* The [illegible]tinctly under that title I have retained here; t[illegible] he volume are distributed among the appropriat[illegible]

OLOR ISCANUS q[illegible] should we
Vex at the land's [illegible]erie?"
So on his Usk ba[illegible]od-red dawn
Of England's civil stru[illegible]reless Vaughan
Bemock his times. O friends of many years!
Though faith and trust are stronger than our fears,
And the signs promise peace with liberty,
Not thus we trifle with our country's tears
And sweat of agony. The future's gain
Is certain as God's truth; but, meanwhile, pain
Is bitter and tears are salt: our voices take
A sober tone; our very household songs
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs;
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake
Of the brave hearts that nevermore shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet!

1863.

THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night, — with Thee alone is day:
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
    Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
    Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
    Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
    Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
    Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain,
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the [illegible] Thy keys,
The anthem of th[illegible]
The minor of Th[illegible] in,
Our hearts shall [illegible] old refrain,
Thy will be [illegible]

1861.

A WORD FO[illegible] HOUR.

THE firmament breaks up. In black eclipse
Light after light goes out. One evil star,
Luridly glaring through the smoke of war,
As in the dream of the Apocalypse,
Drags others down. Let us not weakly weep
Nor rashly threaten. Give us grace to keep
Our faith and patience; wherefore should we leap
On one hand into fratricidal fight,
Or, on the other, yield eternal right,
Frame lies of law, and good and ill confound?
What fear we? Safe on freedom's vantage-ground
Our feet are planted: let us there remain
In unrevengeful calm, no means untried
Which truth can sanction, no just claim denied,
The sad spectators of a suicide!
They break the links of Union: shall we light
The fires of hell to weld anew the chain
On that red anvil where each blow is pain?

Draw we not even now a freer breath,
As from our shoulders falls a load of death
Loathsome as that the Tuscan's victim bore
When keen with life to a dead horror bound?
Why take we up the accursed thing again?
Pity, forgive, but urge them back no more
Who, drunk with passion, flaunt disunion's rag
With its vile reptile-blazon. Let us press
The golden cluster on our brave old flag
In closer union, and, if numbering less,
Brighter shall shine the stars which still remain.

16th First mo., 1861.

"EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

LUTHER'S HYMN.

We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared
Its bloody rain is dropping;
The poison plant the fathers spared
All else is overtopping.
East, West, South, North,
It curses the earth;

All justice dies,
And fraud and lies
Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel?
What points the rebel cannon?
What sets [illegible] bble's heel
On the [illegible] led pennon?
Wha [illegible] th
Of tl [illegible] outh?
Wha [illegible] fe
For [illegible] ?—
Hark t [illegible] Slavery!

Then waste no [illegible] lesser foes
In strife unworthy freemen.
God lifts to-day the veil, and shows
The features of the demon!
O North and South,
Its victims both,
Can ye not cry,
"Let slavery die!"
And union find in freedom?

What though the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in his going?
We who have shared the guilt must share
The pang of his o'erthrowing!
Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter?

For who that leans on His right arm
  Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
  If He its part has taken?
    Though wild and loud,
    And dark the cloud,
    Behind its folds
    His hand upholds
  The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for blood,
  Above the wild war-drumming,
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good
  The evil overcoming.
    Give prayer and purse
    To stay the Curse
    Whose wrong we share,
    Whose shame we bear,
Whose end shall gladden Heaven!

In vain the bells of war shall ring
  Of triumphs and revenges,
While still is spared the evil thing
  That severs and estranges.
    But blest the ear
    That yet shall hear
    The jubilant bell
    That rings the knell
  Of Slavery forever!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
  And hushed the breath of sighing;
Before the joy of peace must come
  The pains of purifying.

God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor!

1861.

T RÉMONT.

On the 31st of ral Frémont, then in charge of the Western a proclamation which contained a clause, announcement of emancipation: "The proj "real and personal, of all persons in the Sta o shall take up arms against the United States, directly proven to have taken active part with their ene field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men." Mr. Lincoln regarded the proclamation as premature and countermanded it, after vainly endeavoring to persuade Frémont of his own motion to revoke it.

THY error, Frémont, simply was to act
A brave man's part, without the statesman's tact,
And, taking counsel but of common sense,
To strike at cause as well as consequence.
Oh, never yet since Roland wound his horn
At Roncesvalles, has a blast been blown
Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling as thine own,
Heard from the van of freedom's hope forlorn!
It had been safer, doubtless, for the time,
To flatter treason, and avoid offence
To that Dark Power whose underlying crime
Heaves upward its perpetual turbulence.
But if thine be the fate of all who break
The ground for truth's seed, or forerun their years
Till lost in distance, or with stout hearts make

A lane for freedom through the level spears,
Still take thou courage! God has spoken through thee,
Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be free!
The land shakes with them, and the slave's dull ear
Turns from the rice-swamp stealthily to hear.
Who would recall them now must first arrest
The winds that blow down from the free North-west,
Ruffling the Gulf; or like a scroll roll back
The Mississippi to its upper springs.
Such words fulfil their prophecy, and lack
But the full time to harden into things.

1861.

THE WATCHERS.

BESIDE a stricken field I stood;
On the torn turf, on grass and wood,
Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain,
But all the air was quick with pain
And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head
And folded wings and noiseless tread,
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland
And lips of blessing, not command,
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knit,
His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long!" — I knew the voice of Peace, —
"Is there no respite? no release?
When sh[illegible] quarrel cease?

"O Lord, h[illegible]e human soul
Is more th[illegible]ent scroll,
Or any fla[illegible]roll.

"What pric[illegible]h's, young and brave?
How weigh[illegible] Lyon gave,
Or count the cost [illegible]throp's grave?

"O brother! if thine eye can see,
Tell how and when the end shall be,
What hope remains for thee and me."

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,
I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread,
Through Jersey snows the march I led,
My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now, through weary day and night,
I watch a vague and aimless fight
For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own:
One guards through love his ghastly throne,
And one through fear to reverence grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed,
By open foes, or those afraid
To speed thy coming through my aid?

"Why watch to see who win or fall?
I shake the dust against them all,
I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored: "yet longer wait;
The doom is near, the stake is great:
God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch; the way prepare
Where I with folded wings of prayer
May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice replied,
"Too late!" its mournful echo sighed,
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,
An upward gleam of lessening white,
So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell
Rung down the listening sky to tell
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang; "the rod
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,
But all is God!"

1862.

HMEN.

Written when, i ur terrible war, the English ruling class, with re either coldly indifferent or hostile to the par heir attitude was illustrated by caricatures of Amer.. ich was one of a slaveholder and cowhide, with the mou n't I a right to wallop my nigger?"

You flung your taunt across the wave;
We bore it as became us,
Well knowing that the fettered slave
Left friendly lips no option save
To pity or to blame us.

You scoffed our plea. "Mere lack of will,
Not lack of power," you told us:
We showed our free-state records; still
You mocked, confounding good and ill,
Slave-haters and slaveholders.

We struck at Slavery; to the verge
Of power and means we checked it;
Lo! — presto, change! its claims you urge,
Send greetings to it o'er the surge,
And comfort and protect it.

But yesterday you scarce could shake,
  In slave-abhorring rigor,
Our Northern palms for conscience' sake:
To-day you clasp the hands that ache
  With "walloping the nigger!"

O Englishmen! — in hope and creed,
  In blood and tongue our brothers!
We too are heirs of Runnymede;
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed
  Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water," in one rill
  Through centuries of story
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
  The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinfolk, leagues of wave
  Nor length of years can part us:
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,
The common freehold of the brave,
  The gift of saints and martyrs.

Our very sins and follies teach
  Our kindred frail and human:
We carp at faults with bitter speech,
The while, for one unshared by each,
  We have a score in common.

We bowed the heart, if not the knee,
  To England's Queen, God bless her!
We praised you when your slaves went free:

We seek to unchain ours. Will ye
  Join hands with the oppressor?

And is it Christian England cheers
  The bruiser, not the bruisëd?
And must she run, despite the tears
And pr[illegible] of eighteen hundred years,
  Amu[illegible] crusade?

Oh, bla[illegible] Oh, shame and loss
  Too d[illegible] to phrase on!
Tear fr[illegible] holy cross,
And in [illegible]ttle toss
  The pir[illegible]me blazon!

1862.

MITHRIDATES AT CHIOS.

It is recorded that the Chians, when subjugated by Mithridates of Cappadocia, were delivered up to their own slaves, to be carried away captive to Colchis. Athenæus considers this a just punishment for their wickedness in first introducing the slave-trade into Greece. From this ancient villany of the Chians the proverb arose, "The Chian hath bought himself a master."

Know'st thou, O slave-cursed land!
How, when the Chian's cup of guilt
  Was full to overflow, there came
  God's justice in the sword of flame
That, red with slaughter to its hilt,
Blazed in the Cappadocian victor's hand?

The heavens are still and far;
But, not unheard of awful Jove,

The sighing of the island slave
Was answered, when the Ægean wave
The keels of Mithridates clove,
And the vines shrivelled in the breath of war.

"Robbers of Chios! hark,"
The victor cried, "to Heaven's decree!
Pluck your last cluster from the vine,
Drain your last cup of Chian wine;
Slaves of your slaves, your doom shall be,
In Colchian mines by Phasis rolling dark."

Then rose the long lament
From the hoar sea-god's dusky caves:
The priestess rent her hair and cried,
"Woe! woe! The gods are sleepless-eyed!"
And, chained and scourged, the slaves of slaves,
The lords of Chios into exile went.

"The gods at last pay well,"
So Hellas sang her taunting song,
"The fisher in his net is caught,
The Chian hath his master bought;"
And isle from isle, with laughter long,
Took up and sped the mocking parable.

Once more the slow, dumb years
Bring their avenging cycle round,
And, more than Hellas taught of old,
Our wiser lesson shall be told,
Of slaves uprising, freedom-crowned,
To break, not wield, the scourge wet with their
blood and tears.

1863.

AT PORT ROYAL.

In November, 1861, a Union force under Commodore Dupont and General Sherman captured Port Royal, and from this point as a basis of operations, the neighboring islands between Charleston and Savannah were taken possession of. The early occupation of this district, where the negro population was greatly in excess of the white, gave a [illegible] ch was at once seized upon, of practically em[illegible] s and of beginning that work of civilization wh[illegible] s the grave responsibility of those who had la[illegible]

THE tent [illegible] r on the land,
The sl [illegible] e sea;
The nigh [illegible] s with drifting sand
Our track [illegible] bee.

At last our grating keels outslide,
Our good boats forward swing;
And while we ride the land-locked tide,
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song:
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong;

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the west with light,
Where field and garner, barn and byre,
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
  The rout runs mad and fast;
From hand to hand, from gate to gate
  The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
  Dark faces broad with smiles:
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss
  That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
  They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
  The hope of better days, —

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,
  The joy of uncaged birds:
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue
  Their broken Saxon words.

SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

Oh, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come
  To set de people free;
An' massa tink it day ob doom,
  An' we ob jubilee.
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves
  He jus' as 'trong as den;
He say de word: we las' night slaves;
  To-day, de Lord's freemen.
    De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
      We 'll hab de rice an' corn;
    Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
      De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on he trabbels gone;
  He leaf de land behind:
De Lord's breff blow him furder on,
  Like corn-shuck in de wind.
We own de hoe, we own de plough,
  We own de hands dat hold;
We sell de [illegible] cow,
  But nebb[illegible]d.
    De yar[illegible] cotton blow,
      We [illegible] an' corn;
    Oh neb[illegible] if nebber you hear
      De [illegible] horn!

We pray de Lord [illegible] us signs
  Dat some day we [illegible]e;
De norf-wind tell it to de pines,
  De wild-duck to de sea;
We tink it when de church-bell ring,
  We dream it in de dream;
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
  De eagle when he scream.
    De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
      We 'll hab de rice an' corn:
    Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
      De driver blow his horn!

We know de promise nebber fail,
  An' nebber lie de word;
So like de 'postles in de jail,
  We waited for de Lord:
An' now he open ebery door,
  An' trow away de key;
He tink we lub him so before,
  We lub him better free.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
  He 'll gib de rice an' corn;
Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
  De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondoliers;
  And with a secret pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
  We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,
  Nor yet his hope deny;
We only know that God is just,
  And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song; each swarthy face,
  Flame-lighted, ruder still:
We start to think that hapless race
  Must shape our good or ill;

That laws of changeless justice bind
  Oppressor with oppressed;
And, close as sin and suffering joined,
  We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be
  Our sign of blight or bloom,
The Vala-song of Liberty,
  Or death-rune of our doom!

1862.

ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1862.

When first I saw our banner wave
  Above the n[illegible]l-hall,
  I heard ben[illegible]e wall
The clanking [illegible] slave!

In the foul ma[illegible]tood,
  And saw the [illegible]other sold,
  And childhoo[illegible]cks of gold,
Blue-eyed and fair [illegible]on blood.

I shut my eyes, I held my breath,
  And, smothering down the wrath and shame
  That set my Northern blood aflame,
Stood silent, — where to speak was death.

Beside me gloomed the prison-cell
  Where wasted one in slow decline
  For uttering simple words of mine,
And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome
  Flapped menace in the morning air;
  I stood a perilled stranger where
The human broker made his home.

For crime was virtue: Gown and Sword
  And Law their threefold sanction gave,
  And to the quarry of the slave
Went hawking with our symbol-bird.

On the oppressor's side was power;
  And yet I knew that every wrong,
  However old, however strong,
But waited God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the lie, —
  Somehow, some time, the end would be;
  Yet scarcely dared I hope to see
The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it! In the sun
  A free flag floats from yonder dome,
  And at the nation's hearth and home
The justice long delayed is done.

Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
  The message of deliverance comes,
  But heralded by roll of drums
On waves of battle-troubled air!

Midst sounds that madden and appall,
  The song that Bethlehem's shepherds knew!
  The harp of David melting through
The demon-agonies of Saul!

Not as we hoped; but what are we?
  Above our broken dreams and plans
  God lays, with wiser hand than man's,
The corner-stones of liberty.

I cavil not with Him: the voice
  That freedom's blessed gospel tells
  Is sweet to me as silver bells,
Rejoicing! yea, I will rejoice!

Dear friends still toiling in the sun;
  Ye dearer ones who, gone before,
  Are watching from the eternal shore
The slow work by your hands begun,

Rejoice with me! The chastening rod
  Blossoms w[illegible] furnace heat
  Grows coo[illegible] blessed feet
Whose form [illegible] f God!

Rejoice! O[illegible] er springs
  Are sweete[illegible] ound of grief
  Rise day by [illegible] relief
The prophecies o[illegible] ngs.

Rejoice in hope! The day and night
  Are one with God, and one with them
  Who see by faith the cloudy hem
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light!

1862.

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
  The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
  No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
  Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
  The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
  Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
  Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
  This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
  And yellow locks of corn?

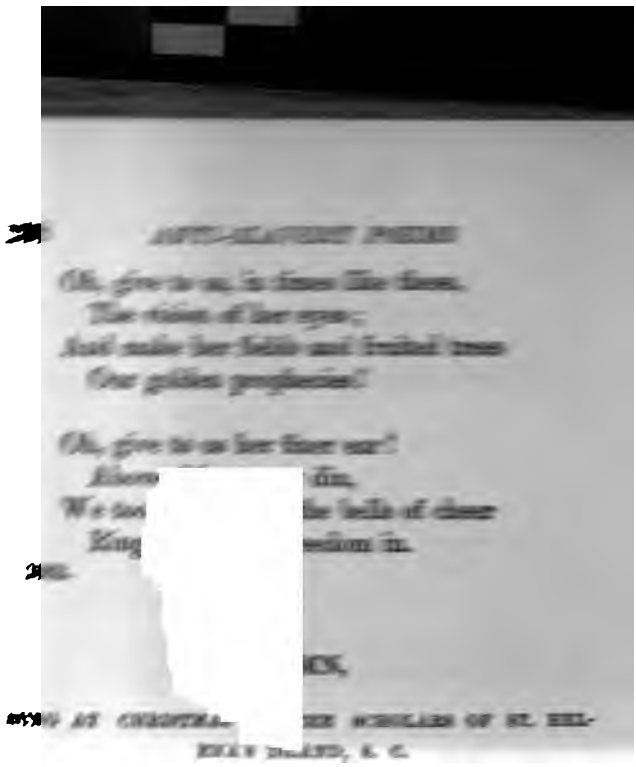
Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
  And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
  And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
  With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
  The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
  Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
  She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
  The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
  She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
  The good of suffering born, —
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,
  And ripen like her corn.



Our home is in the world before
We are every glad as we!
We're free on Carolina's shore,
We're all at home and free.

Thou Friend and Helper of the poor,
Who suffered for our sake,
To open every prison door,
And every yoke to break!

Bend low Thy pitying face and mild,
And help us sing and pray;
The hand that blessed the little child,
Upon our foreheads lay.

We hear no more the driver's horn,
No more the whip we fear,

This holy day that saw Thee born
  Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,
  The waters brighter smile;
Oh, never shone a day so glad
  On sweet St. Helen's Isle.

We praise Thee in our songs to-day,
  To Thee in prayer we call,
Make swift the feet and straight the way
  Of freedom unto all.

Come once again, O blessed Lord!
  Come walking on the sea!
And let the mainlands hear the word
  That sets the islands free!

1863.

THE PROCLAMATION.

President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation was issued January 1, 1863.

SAINT PATRICK, slave to Milcho of the herds
Of Ballymena, wakened with these words:
  "Arise, and flee
Out from the land of bondage, and be free!"

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from heaven
The angels singing of his sins forgiven,
  And, wondering, sees
His prison opening to their golden keys,

He rose a man who laid him down a slave,
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,
And outward trod
Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away;
And, passing w[illegible] ing Milcho lay,
Though l[illegible]
Smarted with [illegible] rayed, "God pardon him!"

So went he fort[illegible] d's time he came
To light on U[illegible] oly flame;
And, dying, g[illegible]
The land a saint that los[illegible] a as a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb
Waiting for God, your hour at last has come,
And freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong!

Arise and flee! shake off the vile restraint
Of ages; but, like Ballymena's saint,
The oppressor spare,
Heap only on his head the coals of prayer.

Go forth, like him! like him return again,
To bless the land whereon in bitter pain
Ye toiled at first,
And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed.

1863.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

Read before the Alumni of the Friends' Yearly Meeting School, at the Annual Meeting at Newport, R. I., 15th 6th mo., 1863.

ONCE more, dear friends, you meet beneath
A clouded sky:
Not yet the sword has found its sheath,
And on the sweet spring airs the breath
Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the ground,
Nor pain from chance;
The Eternal order circles round,
And wave and storm find mete and bound
In Providence.

Full long our feet the flowery ways
Of peace have trod,
Content with creed and garb and phrase:
A harder path in earlier days
Led up to God.

Too cheaply truths, once purchased dear,
Are made our own;
Too long the world has smiled to hear
Our boast of full corn in the ear
By others sown;

To see us stir the martyr fires
Of long ago,
And wrap our satisfied desires

In the singed mantles that our sires
Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthies bore
On us is laid;
Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,
And in th[illegible] once more
Our [illegible].

The cry [illegible] at last
Is c[illegible]
An answe[illegible]nd-blast,
The thund[illegible]low cast
From [illegible] frown.

The land is red with judgments. Who
Stands guiltless forth?
Have we been faithful as we knew,
To God and to our brother true,
To Heaven and Earth?

How faint, through din of merchandise
And count of gain,
Have seemed to us the captive's cries!
How far away the tears and sighs
Of souls in pain!

This day the fearful reckoning comes
To each and all;
We hear amidst our peaceful homes
The summons of the conscript drums,
The bugle's call.

Our path is plain; the war-net draws
    Round us in vain,
While, faithful to the Higher Cause,
We keep our fealty to the laws
    Through patient pain.

The levelled gun, the battle-brand,
    We may not take:
But, calmly loyal, we can stand
And suffer with our suffering land
    For conscience' sake.

Why ask for ease where all is pain?
    Shall we alone
Be left to add our gain to gain,
When over Armageddon's plain
    The trump is blown?

To suffer well is well to serve;
    Safe in our Lord
The rigid lines of law shall curve
To spare us; from our heads shall swerve
    Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the gloom,
    And joy with grief;
Divinest compensations come,
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom
    In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless,
    By word and deed,

The widow in her keen distress,
The childless and the fatherless,
The hearts that bleed!

For fields of duty, opening wide,
Where all our powers
Are tasked [illegible] to guide
Of millio[illegible]ied:
The [illegible]

Ours by t[illegible]d old,
Whic[illegible]
Our wards [illegible]uphold,
And cast the[illegible] the mould
Of Christian [illegible]

And we may tread the sick-bed floors
Where strong men pine,
And, down the groaning corridors,
Pour freely from our liberal stores
The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast?
God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon His gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched Hand!
Nor stint, nor stay;
The years have never dropped their sand
On mortal issue vast and grand
As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground
    Of man's despair
Is Freedom's glorious picture found,
With all its dusky hands unbound
    Upraised in prayer.

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice
    And pain and loss,
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
    The crown for cross!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

This poem was written in strict conformity to the account of the incident as I had it from respectable and trustworthy sources. It has since been the subject of a good deal of conflicting testimony, and the story was probably incorrect in some of its details. It is admitted by all that Barbara Frietchie was no myth, but a worthy and highly esteemed gentlewoman, intensely loyal and a hater of the Slavery Rebellion, holding her Union flag sacred and keeping it with her Bible; that when the Confederates halted before her house, and entered her dooryard, she denounced them in vigorous language, shook her cane in their faces, and drove them out; and when General Burnside's troops followed close upon Jackson's, she waved her flag and cheered them. It is stated that May Quantrell, a brave and loyal lady in another part of the city, did wave her flag in sight of the Confederates. It is possible that there has been a blending of the two incidents.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee ma[illegible]e mountain-wall;

Over the mou[illegible]g down,
Horse and foo[illegible]ick town.

Forty flags wit[illegible] stars,
Forty flags with [illegible]on bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

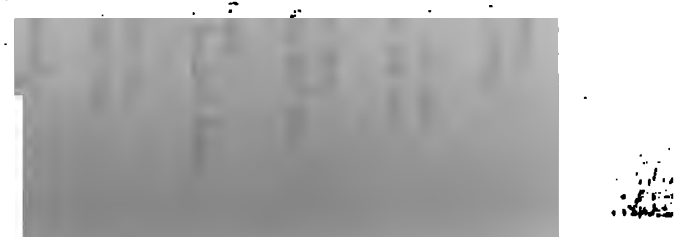
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

Barbara Frietchie



"Halt!" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!" — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

Fall, for her sake,

Over Barbara Fri
Flag of Freedom a

Peace and order a
Round thy symbol

And ever the stars
On thy stars below
1863.

WHAT THE

THE birds against the
Flew northward, sin
They sang, "The land
Has swords for corn-

"O wild-birds, flying fro
What saw and heard
"We saw the mortar's up
The sickened camp, t

In shrouds of moss, in cypress swamps,
We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

"We heard the starving prisoner's sighs,
And saw, from line and trench, your sons
Follow our flight with home-sick eyes
Beyond the battery's smoking guns."

"And heard and saw ye only wrong
And pain," I cried, "O wing-worn flocks?"
"We heard," they sang, "the freedman's song,
The crash of Slavery's broken locks!

"We saw from new, uprising States
The treason-nursing mischief spurned,
As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,
The long-estranged and lost returned.

"O'er dusky faces, seamed and old,
And hands horn-hard with unpaid toil,
With hope in every rustling fold,
We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

"And struggling up through sounds accursed,
A grateful murmur clomb the air;
A whisper scarcely heard at first,
It filled the listening heavens with prayer.

"And sweet and far, as from a star,
Replied a voice which shall not cease,
Till, drowning all the noise of war,
It sings the blessed song of peace!"

But lo! they left th
And in the evenin
April, 1864.

THE MANTLE OF

A LEGEND OF "THE RED

115

A STRONG and mig
Calm, terrible, a
The cross in blende
Upon his mantle

Two captives by him
Each on his broke
Sang praise to God
The dead to life a

Dropping his cross-w
"Wear this," the
"Take thou, O Freedo
The white, the blue

And begged through all the land of France
  The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle
  Before him open flew,
The drawbridge at his coming fell,
  The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand,
  And paid his righteous tax;
And the hearts of lord and peasant
  Were in his hands as wax.

At last, outbound from Tunis,
  His bark her anchor weighed,
Freighted with seven-score Christian souls
  Whose ransom he had paid.

But, torn by Paynim hatred,
  Her sails in tatters hung;
And on the wild waves, rudderless,
  A shattered hulk she swung.

"God save us!" cried the captain,
  "For naught can man avail;
Oh, woe betide the ship that lacks
  Her rudder and her sail!

"Behind us are the Moormen;
  At sea we sink or strand:
There 's death upon the water,
  There 's death upon the land!"

Then up spake John de Matha:
"God's errands never fail!
Take thou the mantle which I wear,
And make of it a sail."

They raised the cross-wrought mantle,
Th[illegible] the red;
And [illegible] e wind off-shore
[illegible] a sped.

"God [illegible] he seamen,
"F[illegible] skill:
The g[illegible] rmy sea
Is dri[illegible] l."

Then up spake John de Matha:
"My mariners, never fear!
The Lord whose breath has filled her sail
May well our vessel steer!"

So on through storm and darkness
They drove for weary hours;
And lo! the third gray morning shone
On Ostia's friendly towers.

And on the walls the watchers
The ship of mercy knew, —
They knew far off its holy cross,
The red, the white, and blue.

And the bells in all the steeples
Rang out in glad accord,
To welcome home to Christian soil
The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legend
  By bard and painter told;
And lo! the cycle rounds again,
  The new is as the old!

With rudder foully broken,
  And sails by traitors torn,
Our country on a midnight sea
  Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror;
  Behind, the pirate foe;
The clouds are black above her,
  The sea is white below.

The hope of all who suffer,
  The dread of all who wrong,
She drifts in darkness and in storm,
  How long, O Lord! how long?

But courage, O my mariners!
  Ye shall not suffer wreck,
While up to God the freedman's prayers
  Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner
  Which God hath blest anew,
The mantle that De Matha wore,
  The red, the white, the blue?

Its hues are all of heaven, —
  The red of sunset's dye,
The whiteness of the moon-lit cloud,
  The blue of morning's sky.

Wait cheerily, then, O mariners,
For daylight and for land;
The breath of God is in your sail,
Your rudder is His hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted
With bl[illegible]th hopes;
The saints [illegible]adowy hands
Are pul[illegible]pes.

Behind ye l[illegible]
Uplift th[illegible]rown;
Before ye u[illegible]nd
Their bene[illegible]n.

Take heart from John de Matha! —
God's errands never fail!
Sweep on through storm and darkness,
The thunder and the hail!

Sail on! The morning cometh,
The port ye yet shall win;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The good ship bravely in!

1865.

LAUS DEO!

On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. The resolution was adopted by Congress, January 31, 1865. The ratification by the requisite number of States was announced December 18, 1865.

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.

How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,

In this wond
When the
Blossoms v
And the wrat

Blottec
All within
Shall a freshe
Freer breatl
As it rolls it
On the dead an

It is dor
In the circuit
Shall the sound
It shall bid th
It shall give tl
It shall belt with

Ring and
Bells of joy!
Send the song of
With a sound o

HYMN

FOR THE CELEBRATION OF EMANCIPATION AT NEWBURYPORT.

NOT unto us who did but seek
The word that burned within to speak,
Not unto us this day belong
The triumph and exultant song.

Upon us fell in early youth
The burden of unwelcome truth,
And left us, weak and frail and few,
The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became,
The air we breathed was hot with blame;
For not with gauged and softened tone
We made the bondman's cause our own.

We bore, as Freedom's hope forlorn,
The private hate, the public scorn;
Yet held through all the paths we trod
Our faith in man and trust in God.

We prayed and hoped; but still, with awe,
The coming of the sword we saw;
We heard the nearing steps of doom,
We saw the shade of things to come.

In grief which they alone can feel
Who from a mother's wrong appeal,

With blended lines of fear and hope
We cast our country's horoscope.

For still within her house of life
We marked the lurid sign of strife,
And, poisoning and imbittering all,
We saw the star of Wormwood fall.

Deep as [illegible] r her became
Our hat[illegible] t wrought her shame,
And if, [illegible] ith tongue and pen
We erre[illegible] ere but mortal men.

We hope[illegible] e; our eyes survey
The blood-red [illegible] n of Freedom's day:
We prayed for love to loose the chain;
'T is shorn by battle's axe in twain!

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours
Has mined and heaved the hostile towers;
Not by our hands is turned the key
That sets the sighing captives free.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave
Is piled and parted for the slave;
A darker cloud moves on in light;
A fiercer fire is guide by night!

The praise, O Lord! is Thine alone,
In Thy own way Thy work is done!
Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,
To whom be glory, first and last!

1865.

AFTER THE WAR.

THE PEACE AUTUMN.

Written for the Essex County Agricultural Festival, 1865.

THANK God for rest, where none molest,
  And none can make afraid;
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest
  Beneath the homestead shade!

Bring pike and gun, the sword's red scourge,
  The negro's broken chains,
And beat them at the blacksmith's forge
  To ploughshares for our plains.

Alike henceforth our hills of snow,
  And vales where cotton flowers;
All streams that flow, all winds that blow,
  Are Freedom's motive-powers.

Henceforth to Labor's chivalry
  Be knightly honors paid;
For nobler than the sword's shall be
  The sickle's accolade.

Build up an altar to the Lord,
  O grateful hearts of ours!
And shape it of the greenest sward
  That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,
  And there the orchard fruits;

Then shall the Union's mother-heart
  Her lost and wandering ones recall,
  Forgiving and restoring all, —

And Freedom break her marble trance
  Above the Capitolian dome,
  Stretch hands, and bid ye welcome home!

November, 1865.

THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG.

In the old Hebrew myth the lion's frame,
  So terrible alive,
Bleached by the desert's sun and wind, became
  The wandering wild bees' hive;
And he who, lone and naked-handed, tore
  Those jaws of death apart,
In after time drew forth their honeyed store
  To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend: but it only slept
  To wake beneath our sky;
Just on the spot whence ravening Treason crept
  Back to its lair to die,
Bleeding and torn from Freedom's mountain bounds,
  A stained and shattered drum
Is now the hive where, on their flowery rounds,
  The wild bees go and come.

Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,
  They wander wide and far,

Of sweetness from
Of union, peace, and
From the rent jaw
From Treason's deat
As, from the beast
A sweetness sweeter
The old-time athlet
1868.

HOWARD A

Right in the trac
Ploughed his r
Out of the narrov
Up from the ce
Gathered the littl
With freedom
Where, beside the
Stood the soldie

He listened and h

Reading the words of Jesus,
  Singing the songs of David.
Behold! — the dumb lips speaking,
  The blind eyes seeing!
Bones of the Prophet's vision
  Warmed into being!

Transformed he saw them passing
  Their new life's portal!
Almost it seemed the mortal
  Put on the immortal.
No more with the beasts of burden,
  No more with stone and clod,
But crowned with glory and honor
  In the image of God!

There was the human chattel
  Its manhood taking;
There, in each dark, bronze statue,
  A soul was waking!
The man of many battles,
  With tears his eyelids pressing,
Stretched over those dusky foreheads
  His one-armed blessing.

And he said: "Who hears can never
  Fear for or doubt you;
What shall I tell the children
  Up North about you?"
Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,
  Some answer devising;
And a little boy stood up: "General,
  Tell 'em we're rising!"

O brave men a
Ill comes of
Shall the dark
Be turned to
Make Time you
All-healing, a
Meet Fate half-
A joy and ble

1869.

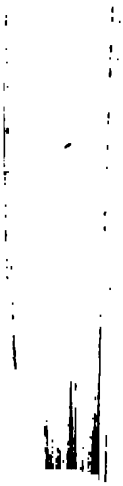
THE EMANCI

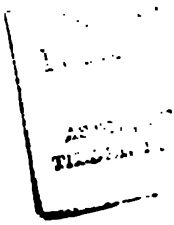
Moses Kimball, a citizen o
duplicate of the Freedman's M
Square, Washington. The gro
represents the figure of a slave,
ters have fallen, kneeling in gra
group was designed by Thomas
9, 1879. These verses were wr

AMIDST thy sacred
Of old renown gi
O city, Freedom-lo

The Emancipation Group

EMANCIPATION





Take the worn frame, that rested not
  Save in a martyr's grave;
The care-lined face, that none forgot,
  Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free! The mighty word
  He spake was not his own;
An impulse from the Highest stirred
  These chiselled lips alone.

The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,
  Along his pathway ran,
And Nature, through his voice, denied
  The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these sad eyes
  Saw peril, strife, and pain;
His was the nation's sacrifice,
  And ours the priceless gain.

O symbol of God's will on earth
  As it is done above!
Bear witness to the cost and worth
  Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify
  To coming ages long,
That truth is stronger than a lie,
  And righteousness than wrong.

VOICE of a peop
The pathos of th
The sorrow of th

Their cry like th
A prayer for one
Like Moses by tl

The stern accord
To Miriam's note
O'er Egypt's sunl

The tramp that st
And shook the wa
The spectral marc

The storm that sw
The triumph after
The bondmen givi

Voice of a ransome
Till Freedom's eve
And slavery's every

GARRISON.

The earliest poem in this division was my youthful tribute to the great reformer when himself a young man he was first sounding his trumpet in Essex County. I close with the verses inscribed to him at the end of his earthly career, May 24, 1879. My poetical service in the cause of freedom is thus almost synchronous with his life of devotion to the same cause.

THE storm and peril overpast,
  The hounding hatred shamed and still,
Go, soul of freedom! take at last
  The place which thou alone canst fill.

Confirm the lesson taught of old —
  Life saved for self is lost, while they
Who lose it in His service hold
  The lease of God's eternal day.

Not for thyself, but for the slave
  Thy words of thunder shook the world;
No selfish griefs or hatred gave
  The strength wherewith thy bolts were hurled.

From lips that Sinai's trumpet blew
  We heard a tender under song;
Thy very wrath from pity grew,
  From love of man thy hate of wrong.

Now past and present are as one;
  The life below is life above;
Thy mortal years have but begun
  Thy immortality of love.

Its own ex

Go up and on
Its morning
Arise to trium
To holier ta

Go, leave behi
The work be
With the white
Do service su

Wherever wron
Or suffering s
Be thine a voice
A hand to set

SONGS OF LABOR AND REFORM

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE Quaker of the olden time!
  How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
  He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
  The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
  The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
  All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
  The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
  By love and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
  He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
  That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
  His brother's sin his own.

- pure a
Be with us i
Our faithf
Give strength
The cross o
And love and
Our daily li

1838.

DI

All things whatsoever ye
ye even so to them. — MATT

BEARER of Freedom
Breaker of Slaver
The foe of all which
Or wounds the gen

Beautiful yet thy tem
Though there profa
And fires unkindled o
Are glaring round t

Oh, ideal of my boyhood's time!
  The faith in which my father stood,
Even when the sons of Lust and Crime
  Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood!

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,
  For through the mists which darken there,
I see the flame of Freedom burn, —
  The Kebla of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling, pure and warm,
  Which owns the right of all divine;
The pitying heart, the helping arm,
  The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
  How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their suffering lie
  The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,
  Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
  The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed
  By pomp or power, thou seest a Man
In prince or peasant, slave or lord,
  Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,
  Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
  Thou lookest on the man within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
  Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set,
  The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look;
  For that frail form which mortals wear
The Spirit of [illegible]k,
  And veiled [illegible]ghtness there.

Not from th[illegible]g fount
  Of vain p[illegible]t;
He who of o[illegible]unt
  Thrilled, w[illegible], the listener's heart,

In holy words which [illegible]lie,
  In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Proclaimed thy message from on high,
  Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died!
  From the blue lake of Galilee,
And Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
  It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land
  I hear in every breeze that stirs,
And round a thousand altars stand
  Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,
  At party's call, my gift I bring;
But on thy olden shrine I lay
  A freeman's dearest offering:

The voiceless utterance of his will, —
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,
That manhood's heart remembers still
The homage of his generous youth.

Election Day, 1841.

THE GALLOWS.

Written on reading pamphlets published by clergymen against the abolition of the gallows.

I.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have shone
Since the Redeemer walked with man, and made
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of stone,
And mountain moss, a pillow for His head;
And He, who wandered with the peasant Jew,
And broke with publicans the bread of shame,
And drank with blessings, in His Father's name,
The water which Samaria's outcast drew,
Hath now His temples upon every shore,
Altar and shrine and priest; and incense dim
Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,
From lips which press the temple's marble floor,
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread cross He bore.

II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly "doing good,"
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,
And even the poor companions of His lot
With their dim earthly vision knew Him not,
How ill are His high teachings understood!
Where He hath spoken Liberty, the priest
At His own altar binds the chain anew;

New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer
Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,
  When guilt itself a human tear might claim, —
Bear witness, O Thou wronged and merciful One!
That Earth's most hateful crimes have in Thy
    name been done!

IV.

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time
  When the great truth begins at last to find
  An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
Earnest and clear, that all Revenge is Crime,
That man is holier than a creed, that all
  Restraint upon him must consult his good,
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
  And Love look in upon his solitude.
The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught
Through long, dark centuries its way hath wrought
Into the common mind and popular thought;
And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore
The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,
Have found an echo in the general heart,
And of the public faith become a living part.

V.

Who shall arrest this tendency? Bring back
The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack?
Harden the softening human heart again
To cold indifference to a brother's pain?
Ye most unhappy men! who, turned away
From the mild sunshine of the Gospel day,
  Grope in the shadows of Man's twilight time,
What mean ye, that with ghoul-like zest ye brood,

And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

1843.

TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.

This poem was addressed to those who like Richard Cobden and John Bright were se[illegible] of political evils in Great Britain by peaceful a[illegible]. It will be remembered that the Anti-Corn La[illegible] the midst of its labors at this time.

God bless y[illegible] the fight
Ye 're wa[illegible] annot fail,
For better is [illegible] right
Than king-[illegible] mail.

Than tyrant's law, [illegible]t's ban,
More mighty is your simplest word;
The free heart of an honest man
Than crosier or the sword.

Go, let your blinded Church rehearse
The lesson it has learned so well;
It moves not with its prayer or curse
The gates of heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again;
Did Freedom die when Russell died?
Forget ye how the blood of Vane
From earth's green bosom cried?

The great hearts of your olden time
Are beating with you, full and strong;
All holy memories and sublime
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede
  Are with ye still in times like these;
The shades of England's mighty dead,
  Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
  By every wind and every tide;
The voice of Nature and of God
  Speaks out upon your side.

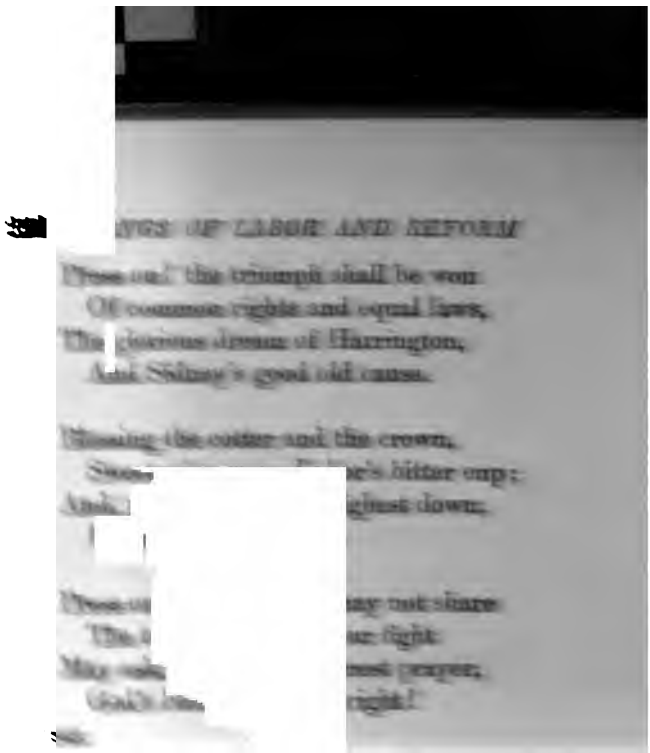
The weapons which your hands have found
  Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love; your battle-ground
  The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks
  The simple beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes
  Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts
  And bounds beneath your words of power,
The beating of her million hearts
  Is with you at this hour!

O ye who, with undoubting eyes,
  Through present cloud and gathering storm,
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,
  And sunshine soft and warm;

Press bravely onward! not in vain
  Your generous trust in human-kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
  Your peaceful zeal shall find.



[illegible]

[illegible]

Again from careless feet the dew
  Of summer's misty morn he shook;
Again with merry heart he threw
  His light line in the rippling brook.
Back crowded all his school-day joys;
  He urged the ball and quoit again,
And heard the shout of laughing boys
  Come ringing down the walnut glen.
Again he felt the western breeze,
  With scent of flowers and crisping hay;
And down again through wind-stirred trees
  He saw the quivering sunlight play.
An angel in home's vine-hung door,
He saw his sister smile once more;
Once more the truant's brown-locked head
Upon his mother's knees was laid,
And sweetly lulled to slumber there,
With evening's holy hymn and prayer!

II.

He woke. At once on heart and brain
The present Terror rushed again;
Clanked on his limbs the felon's chain!
He woke, to hear the church-tower tell
Time's footfall on the conscious bell,
And, shuddering, feel that clanging din
His life's last hour had ushered in;
To see within his prison-yard,
Through the small window, iron barred,
The gallows shadow rising dim
Between the sunrise heaven and him;
A horror in God's blessed air;
  A blackness in his morning light;

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And held a writhing world in check
By that fell cord about its neck;
Stifled Sedition's rising shout,
Choked the young breath of Freedom out,
And timely checked the words which sprung
From Heresy's forbidden tongue;
While in its noose of terror bound,
The Church its cherished union found,
Conforming, on the Moslem plan,
The motley-colored mind of man,
Not by the Koran and the Sword,
But by the Bible and the Cord!

VI.

O Thou! at whose rebuke the grave
Back to warm life its sleeper gave,
Beneath whose sad and tearful glance
The cold and changëd countenance
Broke the still horror of its trance,
And, waking, saw with joy above,
A brother's face of tenderest love;
Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,
And from Thy very garment's hem
Drew life and healing unto them,
The burden of Thy holy faith
Was love and life, not hate and death;
Man's demon ministers of pain,
  The fiends of his revenge, were sent
  From thy pure Gospel's element
To their dark home again.
Thy name is Love! What, then, is he,

Who : that name the gallows rears,
An awfu. altar built to Thee,
With s crifice of blood and tears?
Oh, once gain Thy healing lay
On the blind eyes which knew Thee not,
And let t e light of Thy pure day
Melt in upon his darkened thought.
Soften his and show
The pov arance lies,
And let l now
Is bett e!

As on the med shore,
The Par hill [10]
With dunnest smo curtained o'er,
Yet knows beneath them, evermore,
The low, pale fire is quivering still;
So, underneath its clouds of sin,
The heart of man retaineth yet
Gleams of its holy origin;
And half-quenched stars that never set,
Dim colors of its faded bow,
And early beauty, linger there,
And o'er its wasted desert blow
Faint breathings of its morning air.
Oh, never yet upon the scroll
Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,
Hath Heaven inscribed "Despair!"
Cast not the clouded gem away,
Quench not the dim but living ray, —
My brother man, Beware!
With that deep voice which from the skies

IV.

He saw the victim's tortured brow,
  The sweat of anguish starting there,
The record of a nameless woe
  In the dim eye's imploring stare,
  Seen hideous through the long, damp hair, —
Fingers of ghastly skin and bone
Working and writhing on the stone!
And heard, by mortal terror wrung
From heaving breast and stiffened tongue,
  The choking sob and low hoarse prayer;
As o'er his half-crazed fancy came
A vision of the eternal flame,
Its smoking cloud of agonies,
Its demon-worm that never dies,
The everlasting rise and fall
Of fire-waves round the infernal wall;
While high above that dark red flood,
Black, giant-like, the gallows stood;
Two busy fiends attending there:
One with cold mocking rite and prayer,
The other with impatient grasp,
Tightening the death-rope's strangling clasp.

V.

The unfelt rite at length was done,
  The prayer unheard at length was said,
An hour had passed: the noonday sun
  Smote on the features of the dead!
And he who stood the doomed beside,
Calm gauger of the swelling tide

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A manlier spirit
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And rugged toil, n
The burden of old
shame.

The coarse mechanic vesture wore,
A poor man toiling with the poor,
In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law.

1850.

THE SHOEMAKERS.

Ho! workers of the old time styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather!
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together!
Call out again your long array,
In the olden merry manner!
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer!
Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown
A quick and merry clamor.
Now shape the sole! now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main
A hundred keels are ploughing;
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing;
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
The woodman's fire is lighting;
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
The woodman's axe is smiting.

The foremost s
On moated r
Where'er the n
Brought toili
Where the free
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Than yours, at l
No craftsmen

Let foplings snee
Ye heed no idl
Free hands and h
And duty done
Ye dare to trust, i
The jury Time
And leave to truth
Which glorifies

Thy songs, Hans Sa
In strong and he
And Bloomfield's la
And patriot fame

And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
  Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours; where'er it falls,
  It treads your well-wrought leather,
On earthen floor, in marble halls,
  On carpet, or on heather.
Still there the sweetest charm is found
  Of matron grace or vestal's,
As Hebe's foot bore nectar round
  Among the old celestials!

Rap, rap! — your stout and bluff brogan,
  With footsteps slow and weary,
May wander where the sky's blue span
  Shuts down upon the prairie.
On Beauty's foot your slippers glance,
  By Saratoga's fountains,
Or twinkle down the summer dance
  Beneath the Crystal Mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand,
  The brown earth to the tiller's,
The shoe in yours shall wealth command,
  Like fairy Cinderella's!
As they who shunned the household maid
  Beheld the crown upon her,
So all shall see your toil repaid
  With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
  In water cool and brimming, —
"All honor to the good old Craft,
  Its merry men and women!"

And the noisy murr are flying,
  Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,
  And the sharp reef lurks below,
And the white squall smites in summer,
  And the autumn tempests blow;
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
  From evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are hailing,
  Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah! for the Red Island,
  With the white cross on its crown!
Hurrah! for Meccatina,
  And its mountains bare and brown!
Where the Caribou's tall antlers
  O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,
And the footstep of the Mickmack
  Has no sound upon the moss.

There we 'll drop our lines, and gather
  Old Ocean's treasures in,
Where'er the mottled mackerel
  Turns up a steel-dark fin.
The sea 's our field of harvest,
  Its scaly tribes our grain;
We 'll reap the teeming waters
  As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
  And light the hearth of home;
From our fish, as in the old time,
  The silver coin shall come.

And our lin
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We will whist
And laugh

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On the wate
God's eye is loc
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Death will find
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Hurrah! hurrah!
Comes freshen
The rising sails ar
Give way, my la
Leave the coward
To the dull earth
The stars of

THE LUMBERMEN.

WILDLY round our woodland quarters
  Sad-voiced Autumn grieves;
Thickly down these swelling waters
  Float his fallen leaves.
Through the tall and naked timber,
  Column-like and old,
Gleam the sunsets of November,
  From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,
  Screams the gray wild-goose;
On the night-frost sounds the treading
  Of the brindled moose.
Noiseless creeping, while we 're sleeping,
  Frost his task-work plies;
Soon, his icy bridges heaping,
  Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered thunder,
  On some night of rain,
Lake and river break asunder
  Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear them
  To the saw-mill's wheel,
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them
  With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,
  In these vales below,

Stretches l
And Millnok
Hide the b
Where, throu
Or through
Swift and stro
White with

Where, throug
Of Katahdin
Rock and fores
Torn and plo
Far below, the
In the sunshi
Far above, the
Half the peak

Where are mossy
Than the Persi
And than Eastern
Seem the fadin
And a music wild
From the pine

Make we here our camp of winter;
  And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
  On our hearth shall glow.
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
  We shall lack alone
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
  Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning
  For our toil to-day;
And the welcome of returning
  Shall our loss repay,
When, like seamen from the waters,
  From the woods we come,
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters,
  Angels of our home!

Not for us the measured ringing
  From the village spire,
Not for us the Sabbath singing
  Of the sweet-voiced choir:
Ours the old, majestic temple,
  Where God's brightness shines
Down the dome so grand and ample,
  Propped by lofty pines!

Through each branch-enwoven skylight,
  Speaks He in the breeze,
As of old beneath the twilight
  Of lost Eden's trees!
For His ear, the inward feeling
  Needs no outward tongue;

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Ships, whose
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Tropic fruit

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Or the glean
Strike! With
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Looks, with w

Loud behind ...

Here her virgin lap with treasures
  Shall the green earth fill;
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears
  Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,
  Take the smooth-shorn plain;
Give to us the cedarn valleys,
  Rocks and hills of Maine!
In our North-land, wild and woody,
  Let us still have part:
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,
  Hold us to thy heart!

Oh, our free hearts beat the warmer
  For thy breath of snow;
And our tread is all the firmer
  For thy rocks below.
Freedom, hand in hand with labor,
  Walketh strong and brave;
On the forehead of his neighbor
  No man writeth Slave!

Lo, the day breaks! old Katahdin's
  Pine-trees show its fires,
While from these dim forest gardens
  Rise their blackened spires.
Up, my comrades! up and doing!
  Manhood's rugged play
Still renewing, bravely hewing
  Through the world our way!

1845.

Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
  And drive the treenails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
  Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
  The sea's rough field shall plough;
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
  With salt-spray caught below;
That ship must heed her master's beck,
  Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
  As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
  Of Northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
  May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
  We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
  Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho! strike away the bars and blocks,
  And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
  The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
  In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
  Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
  Her snowy wing shall fan,

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No Lethean d
Nor poison-
But honest fru
And Nature

Be hers the Pr
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Her pathway or
May blessings
And glad hearts
Her white sail

1846.

THE

THROUGH heat an
Still onward ch
There 's life alone

The white fog of the wayside pool
  Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
  Our footsore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
  Looks out upon us cheery.
The landlord beckons from his door,
  His beechen fire is glowing;
These ample barns, with feed in store,
  Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across
  By brows of rugged mountains;
From hillsides where, through spongy moss,
  Gush out the river fountains;
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,
  And bright with blooming clover;
From vales of corn the wandering crow
  No richer hovers over;

Day after day our way has been
  O'er many a hill and hollow;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
  Our stately drove we follow.
Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,
  As smoke of battle o'er us,
Their white horns glisten in the sun,
  Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,
  As slow behind it sinking;

We 've sought them where, in warmest nooks,
  The freshest feed is growing,
By sweetest springs and clearest brooks
  Through honeysuckle flowing;
Wherever hillsides, sloping south,
  Are bright with early grasses,
Or, tracking green the lowland's drouth,
  The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool,
  The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the wayside pool
  Is creeping slowly o'er us.
The cricket to the frog's bassoon
  His shrillest time is keeping;
The sickle of yon setting moon
  The meadow-mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
  Our footsore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
  Looks out upon us cheery.
To-morrow, eastward with our charge
  We 'll go to meet the dawning,
Ere yet the pines of Kearsarge
  Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,
  Instead of birds, are flitting;
When children throng the glowing hearth,
  And quiet wives are knitting;
While in the fire-light strong and clear
  Young eyes of pleasure glisten,

To tales of all we see and hear
The ears of home shall listen.

By many a Northern lake and hill,
From many a mountain pasture,
Shall Fancy play the Drover still,
And speed the long night faster.
Then let [illegible] shower and sun,
And h[illegible] driving;
There 's [illegible] done,
And r[illegible]ag.

1847.

TH[illegible]RS.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;

But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from [illegible] charge, shone out the yellow e[illegible]
Beneath, the tu[illegible] ealed, in many a verdant fo[illegible]
And glistened [illegible] g light the pumpkin's sphere of [illegible]

There wrought the h[illegible] rvesters; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed
away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil
shadows lay;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet
without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the
merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks
in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant
scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears
before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown
cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of look and
heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat
apart;
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling
in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy
children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young
and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of
soft brown hair,

The master of the village school, sleek of hair and
smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-
ballad sung.

THE CORN-SONG.

Heap high [illegible] wintry hoard!
Heap his [illegible] corn!
No richer [illegible] mn poured
From ou[illegible] orn!

Let other la[illegible] g, glean
The apple [illegible] ine,
The orange from [illegible] ssy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
  Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
  Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
  Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
  And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,
  And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
  And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
  Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
  By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
  Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
  And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
  Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
  Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
  Let mildew blight the rye,

Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

1847.

T[illegible]IER.

ALL grim [illegible] brown with tan,
I saw a St[illegible] his wrath,
Smiting the g[illegible]s of man
Along

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in:
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare;"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,

Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold, —
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled,
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad, —
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

When [illegible]round the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Dreams, spar[illegible]wdiet head
An[illegible]

Through pa[illegible]aven-sent hope,
Weak hea[illegible]dreams strayed,
And with the[illegible]
The [illegible]ed.

Where the doomed [illegible]is cell
[illegible] hours,
[illegible] the well,
[illegible] towers.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

Oh, backward-looking son of time!
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine;
So, in his time, thy child grown gray
Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats.

Take heart! the Waster builds again, —
A charmëd life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Wake thou and watch! the world is gray
With morning light!

1846.

Like tipplers answering Father Mathew's call;
The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap Gaul,
The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with life,
The Yankee swaggering with his bowie-knife,
The Russ, from banquets with the vulture shared,
The blood still dripping from his amber beard,
Quitting their mad Berserker dance to hear
The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat seer;
Leaving the sport of Presidents and Kings,
Where men for dice each titled gambler flings,
To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames,
For tea and gossip, like old country dames!
No! let the cravens plead the weakling's cant,
Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,
Let Sturge preach peace to democratic throngs,
And Burritt, stammering through his hundred tongues,
Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er,
Timed to the pauses of the battery's roar;
Check Ban or Kaiser with the barricade
Of "Olive-leaves" and Resolutions made,
Spike guns with pointed Scripture-texts, and hope
To capsize navies with a windy trope;
Still shall the glory and the pomp of War
Along their train the shouting millions draw;
Still dusty Labor to the passing Brave
His cap shall doff, and Beauty's kerchief wave;
Still shall the bard to Valor tune his song,
Still Hero-worship kneel before the Strong;
Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine,
O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine,
To plumed and sworded auditors, shall prove
Their trade accordant with the Law of Love;

And Church for State, and State for Church, shall fight,
And both agree, that "Might alone is Right!"
Despite of sneers like these, O faithful few,
Who dare to hold God's word and witness true,
Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,
And o'er the present wilderness of crime
Sees the calm futu bes of green,
Its fleece-flecked d soft streams between, —
Still keep the pa ids ye tread,
Though worldly ie cautious head;
No truth from He upon our sphere,
Without the greeti. otic's sneer;
Denied and mocked as, essings fall,
Common as dew and sunshin ver all.

Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall cease,
Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace;
As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,
Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,
Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,
And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.
Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,
Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,
Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!
Through the mad discord send that calming word
Which wind and wave on wild Genesareth heard,
Lift in Christ's name his Cross against the Sword!
Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,

Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and calm
On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.
Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have trod,
The great hope resting on the truth of God,—
Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through a long
Sabbath day.

11th mo., 1848.

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Before the law authorizing imprisonment for debt had been abolished in Massachusetts, a revolutionary pensioner was confined in Charlestown jail for a debt of fourteen dollars, and on the fourth of July was seen waving a handkerchief from the bars of his cell in honor of the day.

LOOK on him! through his dungeon grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head;
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is chill;
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague thrill!
Silent, save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,

It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument upreared to thee;
Piled granite and a prison cell, —
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
  And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
  Give back their cradle-shout;
Let boastful eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With glory for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patron cannon jars
  That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
  Rise on the wind, and fall,
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!
  Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
  Of God and human-kind!
Open the prison's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom

The reader of the bio
thropic associate of Clarks
his simple and beautiful r
years 1818 and 1819, in th
phen Grellett.

No aimless wanderer
Goaded from sh
No schoolmen, turni
The leaves of e
Simple of faith, and
The love of man
Isles of old song, the
And Scythia's s

Where the long shad
In the night sur
And the deep heart c
Quakes at each
Where, in barbaric g
A baptized Scyt
With Europe's arts a
The North and

And beauty smiles, new risen from the spray,
    And Dian weeps once more;
Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart resounds;
    And Stamboul from the sea
Lifts her tall minarets over burial-grounds
    Black with the cypress-tree!

From Malta's temples to the gates of Rome,
    Following the track of Paul,
And where the Alps gird round the Switzer's home
    Their vast, eternal wall;
They paused not by the ruins of old time,
    They scanned no pictures rare,
Nor lingered where the snow-locked mountains climb
    The cold abyss of air!

But unto prisons, where men lay in chains,
    To haunts where Hunger pined,
To kings and courts forgetful of the pains
    And wants of human-kind,
Scattering sweet words, and quiet deeds of good,
    Along their way, like flowers,
Or pleading, as Christ's freemen only could,
    With princes and with powers;

Their single aim the purpose to fulfil
    Of Truth, from day to day,
Simply obedient to its guiding will,
    They held their pilgrim way.
Yet dream not, hence, the beautiful and old
    Were wasted on their sight,
Who in the school of Christ had learned to hold
    All outward things aright.

God's witnesses; the voices of His will,
Heard in the slow march of the centuries still!
Such were the men at whose rebuking frown,
Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's knee went down;
Such from the terrors of the guilty drew
The vassal's freedom and the poor man's due.

St. Anselm (may he rest forevermore
In Heaven's sweet peace!) forbade, of old, the sale
Of men as slaves, and from the sacred pale
Hurled the Northumbrian buyers of the poor.
To ransom souls from bonds and evil fate
St. Ambrose melted down the sacred plate, —
Image of saint, the chalice, and the pix,
Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks.
"Man is worth more than temples!" he replied
To such as came his holy work to chide.
And brave Cesarius, stripping altars bare,
And coining from the Abbey's golden hoard
The captive's freedom, answered to the prayer
Or threat of those whose fierce zeal for the Lord
Stifled their love of man, — "An earthen dish
The last sad supper of the Master bore:
Most miserable sinners! do ye wish
More than your Lord, and grudge His dying poor
What your own pride and not His need requires?
Souls, than these shining gauds, He values more;
Mercy, not sacrifice, His heart desires!"
O faithful worthies! resting far behind

TO PIUS IX.

The writer of these lines is no enemy of Catholics. He has, on more than one occasion, exposed himself to the censures of his Protestant brethren, by his strenuous endeavors to procure indemnification for the owners of the convent destroyed near Boston. He defended the cause of the Irish patriots long before it had become popular in this country; and he was one of the first to urge the most liberal aid to the suffering and starving population of the Catholic island. The severity of his language finds its ample apology in the reluctant confession of one of the most eminent Romish priests, the eloquent and devoted Father Ventura.

THE cannon's brazen lips are cold;
  No red shell blazes down the air;
And street and tower, and temple old,
  Are silent as despair.

The Lombard stands no more at bay,
  Rome's fresh young life has bled in vain;
The ravens scattered by the day
  Come back with night again.

Now, while the fratricides of France
  Are treading on the neck of Rome,
Hider at Gaeta, seize thy chance!
  Coward and cruel, come!

Creep now from Naples' bloody skirt;
  Thy mummer's part was acted well,
While Rome, with steel and fire begirt,
  Before thy crusade fell!

Her death-groans answered to thy prayer;
  Thy chant, the drum and bugle-call;
Thy lights, the burning villa's glare;
  Thy beads, the shell and ball!

Rome, frowning o'er her new-made graves,
  Shall curse thee from her heart!

No wreaths of sad Campagna's flowers
  Shall childhood in thy pathway fling;
No garlands from their ravaged bowers
  Shall Terni's maidens bring;

But, hateful as that tyrant old,
  The mocking witness of his crime,
In thee shall loathing eyes behold
  The Nero of our time!

Stand where Rome's blood was freest shed,
  Mock Heaven with impious thanks, and call
Its curses on the patriot dead,
  Its blessings on the Gaul!

Or sit upon thy throne of lies,
  A poor, mean idol, blood-besmeared,
Whom even its worshippers despise,
  Unhonored, unrevered!

Yet, Scandal of the World! from thee
  One needful truth mankind shall learn:
That kings and priests to Liberty
  And God are false in turn.

Earth wearies of them; and the long
  Meek sufferance of the Heavens doth fail;
Woe for weak tyrants, when the strong
  Wake, struggle, and prevail!

In the solemn da
Two men met
One a tradesman
One a preache

Cried the last, in
" Poisoner of t
Satan's hireling, t
With his tares

Spake the simple
" God be judge
All thou knowed
Once a lie to n

" Falsehoods which
Were the truth
Let the dead bou
Fresher shall tl

" God is good and
In this faith I

"Of your spectral puppet play
I have traced the cunning wires;
Come what will, I needs must say,
God is true, and ye are liars."

When the thought of man is free,
Error fears its lightest tones;
So the priest cried, "Sadducee!"
And the people took up stones.

In the ancient burying-ground,
Side by side the twain now lie;
One with humble grassy mound,
One with marbles pale and high.

But the Lord hath blest the seed
Which that tradesman scattered then,
And the preacher's spectral creed
Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust, to one is known
Perfect love which casts out fear,
While the other's joys atone
For the wrong he suffered here.

1849.

OUR STATE.

THE South-land boasts its teeming cane,
The prairied West its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little State
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From Autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From buddi ing leaf,
Her summe brief.

Yet, on her er sands,
And wintry -house stands,
And what he enies,
The harvest o plies.

The riches of the Co ealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school.

1849.

THE PRISONERS OF NAPLES.

I HAVE been thinking of the victims bound
In Naples, dying for the lack of air
And sunshine, in their close, damp cells of pain,
Where hope is not, and innocence in vain
Appeals against the torture and the chain!
Unfortunates! whose crime it was to share
Our common love of freedom, and to dare,
In its behalf, Rome's harlot triple-crowned,
And her base pander, the most hateful thing
Who upon Christian or on Pagan ground
Makes vile the old heroic name of king.
O God most merciful! Father just and kind!
Whom man hath bound let thy right hand unbind.
Or, if thy purposes of good behind
Their ills lie hidden, let the sufferers find
Strong consolations; leave them not to doubt
Thy providential care, nor yet without
The hope which all thy attributes inspire,
That not in vain the martyr's robe of fire
Is worn, nor the sad prisoner's fretting chain;
Since all who suffer for thy truth send forth,
Electrical, with every throb of pain,
Unquenchable sparks, thy own baptismal rain
Of fire and spirit over all the earth,
Making the dead in slavery live again.
Let this great hope be with them, as they lie
Shut from the light, the greenness, and the sky;
From the cool waters and the pleasant breeze,
The smell of flowers, and shade of summer trees;
Bound with the felon lepers, whom disease

I, who have spoken fo
Of some weak friendsl
Of name or place, and
Have gained in wider
And free communion v
May God forbid that I
Such easy self-denial, c
That the strong pulse c
That, overworn at noo
To other hands the gle
A tired on-looker thro
For blest beyond deser
That kindly Providenc
In the withdrawal as i
Scarcely I dare for mo
Beautiful yet for me th
Melts on its sunset hill
For me the Ocean lifts
To me the pine-woods v
Yon river, winding thr
By greenest banks, wit
And gentian bloom and

Nor lack I friends, long-tried and near and dear,
Whose love is round me like this atmosphere,
Warm, soft, and golden. For such gifts to me
What shall I render, O my God, to thee?
Let me not dwell upon my lighter share
Of pain and ill that human life must bear;
Save me from selfish pining; let my heart,
Drawn from itself in sympathy, forget
The bitter longings of a vain regret,
The anguish of its own peculiar smart.
Remembering others, as I have to-day,
In their great sorrows, let me live alway
Not for myself alone, but have a part,
Such as a frail and erring spirit may,
In love which is of Thee, and which indeed Thou
art!

1851.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

"GREAT peace in Europe! Order reigns
From Tiber's hills to Danube's plains!"
So say her kings and priests; so say
The lying prophets of our day.

Go lay to earth a listening ear;
The tramp of measured marches hear;
The rolling of the cannon's wheel,
The shotted musket's murderous peal,
The night alarm, the sentry's call,
The quick-eared spy in hut and hall!
From Polar sea and tropic fen
The dying-groans of exiled men!

The bolted cell, the galley's chains,
The scaffold smoking with its stains!
Order, the hush of brooding slaves!
Peace, in the dungeon-vaults and graves!

O Fisher! of the world-wide net,
With meshes in all waters set,
Whose fabl aven and hell
Bolt hard rison-cell,
And open uet-hall,
Where ki hold carnival!
Weak vass royal guise,
Boy Kaiser of lies;
Base gambler on's crown,
Barnacle on his own!
Thou, Bourbon Neap an,
Crowned scandal, loathed of God and man;
And thou, fell Spider of the North!
Stretching thy giant feelers forth,
Within whose web the freedom dies
Of nations eaten up like flies!
Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and Czar!
If this be Peace, pray what is War?

White Angel of the Lord! unmeet
That soil accursed for thy pure feet.
Never in Slavery's desert flows
The fountain of thy charmed repose;
No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves
Of lilies and of olive-leaves;
Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,
Thus saith the Eternal Oracle:
Thy home is with the pure and free!

Stern herald of thy better day,
Before thee, to prepare thy way,
The Baptist Shade of Liberty,
Gray, scarred and hairy-robed, must press
With bleeding feet the wilderness!
Oh that its voice might pierce the ear
Of princes, trembling while they hear
A cry as of the Hebrew seer:
Repent! God's kingdom draweth near!

1852.

ASTRÆA.

"Jove means to settle
Astræa in her seat again,
And let down from his golden chain
An age of better metal."

BEN JONSON, 1615.

O POET rare and old!
Thy words are prophecies;
Forward the age of gold,
The new Saturnian lies.

The universal prayer
And hope are not in vain;
Rise, brothers! and prepare
The way for Saturn's reign.

Perish shall all which takes
From labor's board and can;
Perish shall all which makes
A spaniel of the man!

The free s

Earth own, a
By sect, or
The fatherho
The brothe

Fraud fail, cr
The money-
And God's wi
As now in l

1852.

THE DISE

He had bowed dow
An abject worshi
The pride of manho
Too faint and col
And he had given h
To the unblessëd t
And bowing to the p
He gloried in his

And like the passing of a dream
  That cometh not again,
The shadow of the spirit fled.
  He saw the gulf before,
He shuddered at the waste behind,
  And was a man once more.

He shook the serpent folds away,
  That gathered round his heart,
As shakes the swaying forest-oak
  Its poison vine apart;
He stood erect; returning pride
  Grew terrible within,
And conscience sat in judgment, on
  His most familiar sin.

The light of Intellect again
  Along his pathway shone;
And Reason like a monarch sat
  Upon his olden throne.
The honored and the wise once more
  Within his presence came;
And lingered oft on lovely lips
  His once forbidden name.

There may be glory in the might,
  That treadeth nations down;
Wreaths for the crimson conqueror,
  Pride for the kingly crown;
But nobler is that triumph hour,
  The disenthralled shall find,
When evil passion boweth down,
  Unto the Godlike mind!

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

THE proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, al d small,
The nan. nown;
My palace hall,
The bal ne!

Who serves he list
Beside the stand;
Alike the brown kled fist,
The gloved and hand!
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there 's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust, —

While there 's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man 's a man to-day!

1848.

THE DREAM OF PIO NONO.

It chanced that while the pious troops of France
Fought in the crusade Pio Nono preached,
What time the holy Bourbons stayed his hands
(The Hur and Aaron meet for such a Moses),
Stretched forth from Naples towards rebellious Rome
To bless the ministry of Oudinot,
And sanctify his iron homilies
And sharp persuasions of the bayonet,
That the great pontiff fell asleep, and dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberias, in the sun
Of the bright Orient; and beheld the lame,
The sick, and blind, kneel at the Master's feet,
And rise up whole. And, sweetly over all,
Dropping the ladder of their hymn of praise
From heaven to earth, in silver rounds of song,
He heard the blessed angels sing of peace,
Good-will to man, and glory to the Lord.

Then one, with feet unshod, and leathern face
Hardened and darkened by fierce summer suns
And hot winds of the desert, closer drew
His fisher's haick, and girded up his loins,
And spake, as one who had authority:
"Come thou with me."

Lakeside and eastern sky
And the sweet song of angels passed away,
And, with a dream's alacrity of change,
The priest, and the swart fisher by his side,
Beheld the Eternal City lift its domes
And solemn fanes and monumental pomp
Above the waste Campagna. On the hills
The blaze of burnin[illegible] nd fell,
And momently the [illegible] throat
Roared from the tre[illegible] within the walls,
Sharp crash of shell[illegible] of human pain,
Shout, drum beat, a[illegible] ng larum-bell,
And tramp of hosts, [illegible] ngled sound,
Half wail and half de[illegible] they passed
The gate of San Pancrazio [illegible] n blood
Flowed ankle-high about the [illegible] d dead men
Choked the long street with gashed and gory piles, —
A ghastly barricade of mangled flesh,
From which, at times, quivered a living hand,
And white lips moved and moaned. A father tore
His gray hairs, by the body of his son,
In frenzy; and his fair young daughter wept
On his old bosom. Suddenly a flash
Clove the thick sulphurous air, and man and maid
Sank, crushed and mangled by the shattering shell.

Then spake the Galilean: "Thou hast seen
The blessed Master and His works of love;
Look now on thine! Hear'st thou the angels sing
Above this open hell? Thou God's high-priest!
Thou the Vicegerent of the Prince of Peace!
Thou the successor of His chosen ones!

I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,
In the dear Master's name, and for the love
Of His true Church, proclaim thee Antichrist,
Alien and separate from His holy faith,
Wide as the difference between death and life,
The hate of man and the great love of God!
Hence, and repent!"

Thereat the pontiff woke,
Trembling, and muttering o'er his fearful dream.
"What means he?" cried the Bourbon. "Nothing more
Than that your majesty hath all too well
Catered for your poor guests, and that, in sooth,
The Holy Father's supper troubleth him,"
Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile.

1853.

THE VOICES.

"WHY urge the long, unequal fight,
Since Truth has fallen in the street,
Or lift anew the trampled light,
Quenched by the heedless million's feet?

"Give o'er the thankless task; forsake
The fools who know not ill from good:
Eat, drink, enjoy thy own, and take
Thine ease among the multitude.

"Live out thyself; with others share
Thy proper life no more; assume

The unconcern of sun and air,
For life or death, or blight or bloom.

"The mountain pine looks calmly on
The fires that scourge the plains below,
Nor heeds the eagle in the sun
The small [illegible] the snow!

"The world is [illegible] ne; let Him
Work out a [illegible] ange must be:
The hand that [illegible] can trim
And nurse t[illegible] ful tree."

So spake the Tem[illegible] the light
Of sun and stars ha[illegible] the sky;
I listened, through the cloud and night,
And heard, methought, a voice reply:

"Thy task may well seem over-hard,
Who scatterest in a thankless soil
Thy life as seed, with no reward
Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

"Not wholly is thy heart resigned
To Heaven's benign and just decree,
Which, linking thee with all thy kind,
Transmits their joys and griefs to thee.

"Break off that sacred chain, and turn
Back on thyself thy love and care;
Be thou thine own mean idol, burn
Faith, Hope, and Trust, thy children, there.

"Released from that fraternal law
Which shares the common bale and bliss,
No sadder lot could Folly draw,
Or Sin provoke from Fate, than this.

"The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end;

"A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace.

"Free-lipped the liberal streamlets run,
Free shines for all the healthful ray;
The still pool stagnates in the sun,
The lurid earth-fire haunts decay!

"What is it that the crowd requite
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies?
And but to faith, and not to sight,
The walls of Freedom's temple rise?

"Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

"Faith shares the future's promise; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

And duty's holie

"Strivest thou in da
In league with ti
Thy night-watch ke
And pale Remor

"Hast thou not, on s
Seen the sweet S
And cloud and shad
The curtains of it

"So, haply, when thy
The wrong shall l
And all thy week-da
With the long Sal
1854.

THE NE

Written upon hearing that s
in Egypt. Unhappily, the pr

From their long bondage, with an outstretched hand,
God led the Hebrew slaves!

Dead as the letter of the Pentateuch,
As Egypt's statues cold,
In the adytum of the sacred book
Now stands that marvel old.

"Lo, God *is* great!" the simple Moslem says.
We seek the ancient date,
Turn the dry scroll, and make that living phrase
A dead one: "God *was* great!"

And, like the Coptic monks by Mousa's wells,
We dream of wonders past,
Vague as the tales the wandering Arab tells,
Each drowsier than the last.

O fools and blind! Above the Pyramids
Stretches once more that hand,
And trancëd Egypt, from her stony lids,
Flings back her veil of sand.

And morning-smitten Memnon, singing, wakes;
And, listening by his Nile,
O'er Ammon's grave and awful visage breaks
A sweet and human smile.

Not, as before, with hail and fire, and call
Of death for midnight graves,
But in the stillness of the noonday, fall
The fetters of the slaves.

No longer through the Red Sea, as of old,
The bondmen walk dry shod;
Through human hearts, by love of Him controlled,
Runs now that path of God!

1856.

THE CO[illegible] FINLAND.

"Joseph Sturge, w[illegible] omas Harvey, has been visiting the shores of [illegible] the amount of mischief and loss to poor and [illegible] occasioned by the gun-boats of the allied sq[illegible] te war, with a view to obtaining relief for the [illegible] view.

Across the fr[illegible] es
The winds of [illegible] blow,
And the fen-lands of the Wetter
Are white with early snow.

But where the low, gray headlands
Look o'er the Baltic brine,
A bark is sailing in the track
Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter
For Bothnia's fish and grain;
She saileth not for pleasure,
She saileth not for gain.

But still by isle or mainland
She drops her anchor down,
Where'er the British cannon
Rained fire on tower and town.

Outspake the ancient Amtman,
At the gate of Helsingfors:
"Why comes this ship a-spying
In the track of England's wars?"

"God bless her," said the coast-guard, —
"God bless the ship, I say.
The holy angels trim the sails
That speed her on her way!

"Where'er she drops her anchor,
The peasant's heart is glad;
Where'er she spreads her parting sail,
The peasant's heart is sad.

"Each wasted town and hamlet
She visits to restore;
To roof the shattered cabin,
And feed the starving poor.

"The sunken boats of fishers,
The foraged beeves and grain,
The spoil of flake and storehouse,
The good ship brings again.

"And so to Finland's sorrow
The sweet amend is made,
As if the healing hand of Christ
Upon her wounds were laid!"

Then said the gray old Amtman,
"The will of God be done!

The battle lost by England's hate,
By England's love is won!

"We braved the iron tempest
That thundered on our shore;
But when did kindness fail to find
The [illegible] door?

"No m[illegible] ramparts
Sh[illegible] come,
Nor s[illegible] hear again
The [illegible] drum.

"Beside our [illegible] Eagle
The Dove of [illegible] all rest;
And in the mouths of cannon
The sea-bird make her nest.

"For Finland, looking seaward,
No coming foe shall scan;
And the holy bells of Abo
Shall ring, 'Good-will to man!'

"Then row thy boat, O fisher!
In peace on lake and bay;
And thou, young maiden, dance again
Around the poles of May!

"Sit down, old men, together,
Old wives, in quiet spin;
Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon
Is the brother of the Finn!"

1856.

THE EVE OF ELECTION.

FROM gold to gray
Our mild sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire,
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
The painted walls
Whereon it falls
Transfigured stand in marble trance!

O'er fallen leaves
The west-wind grieves,
Yet comes a seed-time round again;
And morn shall see
The State sown free
With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
The moulds of fate
That shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see
The powers that be;

l and by Empire's primal springs;
And princes meet,
In every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

Hark! through the crowd
The laugh runs loud,
Beneath [illegible] g moon.
G
A
May sha[illegible] morrow's noon!

No [illegible]
One c.
May blast the [illegible] eedom's year.
Oh, take me [illegible]
Are hearts of prayer,
And foreheads bowed in reverent fear!

Not lightly fall
Beyond recall
The written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact
The kingliest act
Of Freedom is the freeman's vote!

For pearls that gem
A diadem
The diver in the deep sea dies;
The regal right
We boast to-night
Is ours through costlier sacrifice;

The blood of Vane,
His prison pain
Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,
And hers whose faith
Drew strength from death,
And prayed her Russell up to God!

Our hearts grow cold,
We lightly hold
A right which brave men died to gain;
The stake, the cord,
The axe, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend,
And o'er us bend,
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms;
Breathe through these throngs
Your battle songs,
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms!

Look from the sky,
Like God's great eye,
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam,
Till in the sight
Of thy pure light
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts
Unworthy arts,
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;

nd smite away
he hands we lay
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims
And private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
W
Tl
The bea uth.

So
Of
Swell the done,
And s
Of time to
When God and man shall speak as one!

1858.

FROM PERUGIA.

"The thing which has the most dissevered the people from the Pope, — the *unforgivable* thing, — the breaking point between him and them, — has been the encouragement and promotion he gave to the officer under whom were executed the slaughters of Perugia. *That* made the breaking point in many honest hearts that had clung to him before." — HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S *Letters from Italy.*

THE tall, sallow guardsmen their horsetails have spread,
Flaming out in their violet, yellow, and red;
And behind go the lackeys in crimson and buff,
And the chamberlains gorgeous in velvet and ruff;

Next, in red-legged pomp, come the cardinals forth,
Each a lord of the church and a prince of the earth.

What 's this squeak of the fife, and this batter of drum?
Lo! the Swiss of the Church from Perugia come;
The militant angels, whose sabres drive home
To the hearts of the malcontents, cursed and abhorred,
The good Father's missives, and "Thus saith the Lord!"
And lend to his logic the point of the sword!

O maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn
O'er dark Thrasymenus, dishevelled and torn!
O fathers, who pluck at your gray beards for shame!
O mothers, struck dumb by a woe without name!
Well ye know how the Holy Church hireling behaves,
And his tender compassion of prisons and graves!

There they stand, the hired stabbers, the blood-stains yet fresh,
That splashed like red wine from the vintage of flesh;
Grim instruments, careless as pincers and rack
How the joints tear apart, and the strained sinews crack;
But the hate that glares on them is sharp as their swords,
And the sneer and the scowl print the air with fierce words!

Off w ats, down with knees, shout your vivas
mad!
Here 's the Pope in his holiday righteousness clad,
From shorn crown to toe-nail, kiss-worn to the
quick,
Of sainthood in purple the pattern and pick,
Who the *rôle* of the priest and the soldier unites,
And, praying Joshua fights!

Is this Pio No for whom
We sang our h hted all Rome;
With whose ad d the new era began
When the pries man, the monk be a
man?
Ah, the wolf 's with p, and the fox with
the fowl,
When freedom we trust to the crosier and cowl!

Stand aside, men of Rome! Here 's a hangman-
faced Swiss —
(A blessing for him surely can't go amiss) —
Would kneel down the sanctified slipper to kiss.
Short shrift will suffice him, — he 's blest beyond
doubt;
But there 's blood on his hands which would scarce-
ly wash out,
Though Peter himself held the baptismal spout!

Make way for the next! Here 's another sweet
son!
What 's this mastiff-jawed rascal in epaulets done?
He did, whispers rumor, (its truth God forbid!)
At Perugia what Herod at Bethlehem did.

And the mothers? Don't name them! these humors of war
They who keep him in service must pardon him for.

Hist! here 's the arch-knave in a cardinal's hat,
With the heart of a wolf, and the stealth of a cat
(As if Judas and Herod together were rolled),
Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's conscience and gold,
Mounts guard on the altar, and pilfers from thence,
And flatters St. Peter while stealing his pence!

Who doubts Antonelli? Have miracles ceased
When robbers say mass, and Barabbas is priest?
When the Church eats and drinks, at its mystical board,
The true flesh and blood carved and shed by its sword,
When its martyr, unsinged, claps the crown on his head,
And roasts, as his proxy, his neighbor instead!

There! the bells jow and jangle the same blessed way
That they did when they rang for Bartholomew's day.
Hark! the tallow-faced monsters, nor women nor boys,
Vex the air with a shrill, sexless horror of noise.
Te Deum laudamus! All round without stint
The incense-pot swings with a taint of blood in 't!

And now for the blessing! Of little account,
You know, is the old one they heard on the
Mount.
Its giver was landless, His raiment was poor,
No jewelled tiara His fishermen wore;
No incense, no lackeys, no riches, no home,
No Swiss guards! We order things better at
Rome.

So bless us th and curse us the
weak;
Let Austria's v for her beak;
Let the wolf-wh ay Bomba again,
With his death- e, and halter, and
chain;
Put reason, and justice, th under ban;
For the sin unforgiven is freedom for man!

1858.

ITALY.

Across the sea I heard the groans
Of nations in the intervals
Of wind and wave. Their blood and bones
Cried out in torture, crushed by thrones,
And sucked by priestly cannibals.

I dreamed of Freedom slowly gained
By martyr meekness, patience, faith,
And lo! an athlete grimly stained,
With corded muscles battle-strained,
Shouting it from the fields of death!

I turn me, awe-struck, from the sight,
  Among the clamoring thousands mute,
I only know that God is right,
And that the children of the light
  Shall tread the darkness under foot.

I know the pent fire heaves its crust,
  That sultry skies the bolt will form
To smite them clear; that Nature must
The balance of her powers adjust,
  Though with the earthquake and the storm.

God reigns, and let the earth rejoice!
  I bow before His sterner plan.
Dumb are the organs of my choice;
He speaks in battle's stormy voice,
  His praise is in the wrath of man!

Yet, surely as He lives, the day
  Of peace He promised shall be ours,
To fold the flags of war, and lay
Its sword and spear to rust away,
  And sow its ghastly fields with flowers!

1860.

FREEDOM IN BRAZIL.

WITH clearer light, Cross of the South, shine forth
  In blue Brazilian skies;
And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth
  From sunset to sunrise,

And thou, great-hea
mouth
The word of God is
Once more, "Let ther
South,
Lift up thy honored
Wear unashamed a cro
More than by birth th
Careless of watch and w
By grateful hearts alo
The moated wall and bat
But safe shall justice p
Stronger than greaves of
The panoply of love.

Crowned doubly by m
grace,
Thy future is secure;
Who frees a people make
In Time's Valhalla sur
Lo! from his Neva's ban

And he whose grave is holy by our calm
  And prairied Sangamon,
From his gaunt hand shall drop the martyr's palm
  To greet thee with "Well done!"

And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy face make sweet,
  And let thy wail be stilled,
To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat
  Her promise half fulfilled.
The Voice that spake at Nazareth speaks still,
  No sound thereof hath died;
Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal will
  Shall yet be satisfied.
The years are slow, the vision tarrieth long,
  And far the end may be;
But, one by one, the fiends of ancient wrong
  Go out and leave thee free.

1867.

AFTER ELECTION.

The day's sharp strife is ended now,
Our work is done, God knoweth how!
As on the thronged, unrestful town
The patience of the moon looks down,
I wait to hear, beside the wire,
The voices of its tongues of fire.

Slow, doubtful, faint, they seem at first:
Be strong, my heart, to know the worst!

O loyal heart of
What strange, gl
From Wagner's g

From Mississippi's
A sound as of the
There rustled freed
In that wild burst
Cheer answers chee
Of sun. We have

The praise, O God,
Thou givest not for
Thou hast not led us
To blind us with retu
Not through the furn
To perish at its mout

O night of peace, thy
November's moon, be
Shine on the freedmar
On brows of prayer a
And give with f

DISARMAMENT.

"PUT up the sword!" The voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;

Not without envy Wea
On their brown streng
hook
And scythe, or at
plough
Or the steel harness of t
All who, by skill and
Make service noble, and
From savageness. By k
Than theirs was nev
made.
Well for them, if, while
And evil counsels proffer
Their honest manhood
No war with Labor's righ
Of sweet home-comfort, r
And softer pillow for tl

II

And well for Gain if it un
Labor its just demand

No wrong to him who tills its pleasant fields
  And spreads the table of its luxuries.
The interests of the rich man and the poor
Are one and same, inseparable evermore;
And, when scant wage or labor fail to give
Food, shelter, raiment, wherewithal to live,
Need has its rights, necessity its claim.
Yea, even self-wrought misery and shame
Test well the charity suffering long and kind.
The home-pressed question of the age can find
No answer in the catch-words of the blind
Leaders of blind. Solution there is none
Save in the Golden Rule of Christ alone.
1877.

OUR COUNTRY.

Read at Woodstock, Conn., July 4, 1883.

We give thy natal day to hope,
  O Country of our love and prayer!
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
  But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace-fires, and yet
  By God's grace only stronger made,
In future tasks before thee set
  Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep, but men remain
  As wise, as true, and brave as they;
Why count the loss and not the gain?
  The best is that we have to-day.

But, with thy just and equal rule,
  And labor's need and breadth of lands,
Free press and rostrum, church and school,
  Thy sure, if slow, transforming hands

Shall mould even them to thy design,
  Making a blessing of the ban;
And Freedom's chemistry combine
  The alien elements of man.

The power that broke their prison bar
  And set the dusky millions free,
And welded in the flame of war
  The Union fast to Liberty,

Shall it not deal with other ills,
  Redress the red man's grievance, break
The Circean cup which shames and kills,
  And Labor full requital make?

Alone to such as fitly bear
  Thy civic honors bid them fall?
And call thy daughters forth to share
  The rights and duties pledged to all?

Give every child his right of school,
  Merge private greed in public good,
And spare a treasury overfull
  The tax upon a poor man's food?

No lack was in thy primal stock,
  No weakling founders builded here;
Thine were the men of Plymouth Rock,
  The Huguenot and Cavalier;

And they whose firm endurance gained
  The freedom of the souls of men,
Whose hands, unstained with blood, maintained
  The swordless commonwealth of Penn.

And thine shall be the power of all
  To do the work which duty bids,
And make tl [illegible] ncil hall
  As lasting [illegible] ds!

Well have th [illegible] nade good
  Thy brave- [illegible] ntury back,
The pledge of [illegible] erhood,
  The equal cia [illegible] and black.

That word still echoes round the world,
  And all who hear it turn to thee,
And read upon thy flag unfurled
  The prophecies of destiny.

Thy great world-lesson all shall learn,
  The nations in thy school shall sit,
Earth's farthest mountain-tops shall burn
  With watch-fires from thy own uplit.

Great without seeking to be great
  By fraud or conquest, rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
  Of virtue which thy children hold,

With peace that comes of purity
  And strength to simple justice due,
So runs our loyal dream of thee:
  God of our fathers! make it true.

O Land of lands! to thee we give
  Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
  And at thy need shall die for thee!

ON THE BIG HORN.

In the disastrous battle on the Big Horn River, in which General Custer and his entire force were slain, the chief Rain-in-the-Face was one of the fiercest leaders of the Indians. In Longfellow's poem on the massacre, these lines will be remembered: —

> "Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,
> "Revenge upon all the race
> Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"
> And the mountains dark and high
> From their crags reëchoed the cry
> Of his anger and despair.

He is now a man of peace; and the agent at Standing Rock, Dakota, writes, September 28, 1886: "Rain-in-the-Face is very anxious to go to Hampton. I fear he is too old, but he desires very much to go." *The Southern Workman*, the organ of General Armstrong's Industrial School at Hampton, Va., says in a late number: —

"Rain-in-the-Face has applied before to come to Hampton, but his age would exclude him from the school as an ordinary student. He has shown himself very much in earnest about it, and is anxious, all say, to learn the better ways of life. It is as unusual as it is striking to see a man of his age, and one who has had such an experience, willing to give up the old way, and put himself in the position of a boy and a student."

THE years are but half a score,
And the war-whoop sounds no more
  With the blast of bugles, where
Straight into a slaughter pen,
With his doomed three hundred men,
  Rode the chief with the yellow hair.

mpton, down by the sea!
t voice is beseeching thee
the scholar's lowliest place?
Can this be the voice of him
Who fought on the Big Horn's rim?
Can this be Rain-in-the-Face?

His war away,
His har to slay;
He s nd his race
The art lore
That gi and more
Than and chase.

O chief of the school!
Can the zeal of grow cool
When the victor scarred with fight
Like a child for thy guidance craves,
And the faces of hunters and braves
Are turning to thee for light?

The hatchet lies overgrown
With grass by the Yellowstone,
Wind River and Paw of Bear;
And, in sign that foes are friends,
Each lodge like a peace-pipe sends
Its smoke in the quiet air.

The hands that have done the wrong
To right the wronged are strong,
And the voice of a nation saith:
"Enough of the war of swords,
Enough of the lying words
And shame of a broken faith!"

On the Big Horn

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

The hills that have watched afar
The valleys ablaze with war
  Shall look on the tasselled corn;
And the dust of the grinded grain,
Instead of the blood of the slain,
  Shall sprinkle thy banks, Big Horn!

The Ute and the wandering Crow
Shall know as the white men know,
  And fare as the white men fare;
The pale and the red shall be brothers,
One's rights shall be as another's,
  Home, School, and House of Prayer!

O mountains that climb to snow,
O river winding below,
  Through meadows by war once trod,
O wild, waste lands that await
The harvest exceeding great,
  Break forth into praise of God!

1887.

newspap[illegible] organ of that sect and its leading preachers favored abolition.

Note 5, page 118. The senatorial editor of the *Belknap Gazette* [illegible] along manifested a peculiar horror of "niggers" and "nigger parties."

Note 6, page 118. The justice before whom Elder Storrs was brought for preaching abolition on a writ drawn by Hon. M. N., Jr., of Pittsfield. The sheriff served the writ while the elder was pray[illegible]

Note 7, page 1[illegible] y at Canaan, N. H., received one or two [illegible] and was in consequence dragged off into r[illegible] cratic teams.

Note 8, page [illegible] memorials touching the subject of slavery [illegible] he table without reading, debate, or referen[illegible] gag-law, as it was called, introduced in the [illegible] nerton.

Note 9, page 12[illegible] Anti-Slavery Society, at its first meeting in Con[illegible] assailed with stones and brickbats.

Note 10, page 168. The election of Charles Sumner to the United States Senate "followed hard upon" the rendition of the fugitive Sims by the United States officials and the armed police of Boston.

Note 11, page 290. For the idea of this line, I am indebted to Emerson, in his inimitable sonnet to the Rhodora, —

> "If eyes were made for seeing,
> Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

[redacted]

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